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REMEMBER.

Near and at sea came to his side
The sailor clasp his promised bride,
And cried, "My love, remember."
The ship is sailing o'er the main,
Soon, soon, she's bound for home again.
The maiden hopefully deserves
A ship that near the harbor lies,
And sighs, "My love, remember!"
God grant that he may still "Remember!"

The young wife wipes away a tear,
And, bending down with anxious ear,
Catches the faint "Remember!"
Oh! volumes in that simple word
That loving, sorrowing wife hath heard—
"Remember all my love, my truth,
Remember all our vows in youth,
Forget them not in grief's December."
Remember! oh! she will "Remember!"

Remember! oh! what sighs outheard
Woke in the echoes of that word,
(Echoes, perhaps, of tear drops shed.)
Yet, though the past with grief be rife,
Without remembrance what were life?
Beyond the tomb our hearts still trust
That they may cling to our loved dust;
Oblivion is the greatest dread
Our spirits own, even for the dead.

Remember! 'twas the single word
Murmured by England's sovereign lord
In robes of death arrayed.
The whisper reached a nation's ears;
That nation (pacing without tears
On death, brutality and wrong,)
The very word forgot 'ere long,
Nor questioned what the sound conveyed,
Its hidden meaning ne'er betrayed.

Remember! 'tis the promised land
To which our sail is ever fanned
By hope, 'mid stormy sorrow.
"Forget me." Oh! what faithful heart
With memory sweet would ever part—
Be it of love, or hope, or woe,
Of all we know, or yet may know?
From memory all in life we borrow,
And fain would hope it death's "To-morrow."

Pictures of Life.

THE TWO ADVOCATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

In 1693, in a remote district of England, remarkable for its picturesque scenery, the Manor of Ormstead would have been noticed by any passing traveller as a fine old estate in noble preservation, though curtailed of its fair proportions by the extravagance of former possessors. It was at that time small in extent, but highly cultivated; its old park being garnished by the introduction of foreign trees, and its fair gardens luxuriant in a profusion of exotic shrubs and flowers. The road, as it wound towards the mansion, passed many well trimmed groves, and picturesque cottages tenanted by domestics of the household, till it skirted the broad, smooth lawn in front, from which a view might be had of a bright stream beyond a line of woods, the spires of a village some two miles distant, and further off a range of hills rising one above another and melting into the blue of the horizon. It was a lovely spot, and during the occupancy of its then proprietor had been the abode of happiness, never interrupted till the singular occurrences took place which I am about to relate.

Late on an evening in September, a post-chaise stopped at the door of the principal inn in the village above-mentioned. The horses had been driven fast, and were covered with dust and sweat, and the dress of the gentleman who alighted showed also marks of long and rapid travel. He was shown into a private apartment, when he demanded to see the landlord instantly. The worthy host, if he felt some curiosity at the peremptory summons, found it not abated when he saw a young man about twenty-six years of age come forward familiarly to greet him. He had thrown off his cap and cloak, and it was not to be denied that his face and figure were remarkably prepossessing, though the host, who looked earnestly at him, could not recognise him.

"You have forgotten me, then, James Verney," said the stranger.

"Sir—your honor—I cannot exactly—"

"I do not wonder at it, my good friend. Fourteen years is a mask few can penetrate, especially when they transform the boy into a man."

"Is it possible—Master Morton!" exclaimed the landlord.

"The same, Morton Ormstead; I see you remember me."

"I shall be sorry for the time when I forget the son of my old master. You are welcome, sir; most welcome!"

"Thank you; now for a request. I do not wish any one to know of my coming, for some days at least. So do not mention it. You look still surprised! The bold, hearty, boisterous lad who left you fourteen years ago to go to sea, has come back a changed person."

"I heard, sir, long ago, that Master Morton Ormstead had returned from sea, and become a learned advocate in the great city of London. I need not ask what has brought your honor hither!"

"You know it well, Verney. Has anything transpired since Dr. Halley wrote?"

"Nothing, sir, to my knowledge. But I will send for him directly."

"Do so, and let him know that I am here; but no one else. I do not want to talk with the whole county."

"You may depend on my discretion, sir," replied the host, as he went out.

The stranger continued to pace the room in a state of restlessness, from which he seemed unable to find relief. His countenance expressed agitation. Now he threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands, as if absorbed in painful thought; again he rose and paced the apartment with irregular steps, taking a letter from his pocket-book, examining it repeatedly, and laying it down again. A servant opened the door and announced that supper was in readiness; but he paid no attention till addressed several times, and then angrily bade the man begone. Presently recovering his thoughts, he followed the servant to the adjoining room, where an excellent repast was prepared, but only tasted a few mouthfuls as if from necessity, while he emptied cup after cup of wine. The wine seemed to restore him to composure. It was more than two hours before the landlord returned with Dr. Halley, a physician whose residence was two or three miles distant. He appeared greatly delighted to see young Ormstead, and the two were presently seated in earnest conversation, the subject of which had for several weeks occupied the minds of both. This was no other than the strange disappearance of Henry Ormstead, the elder brother, and proprietor of the manor, more than three weeks before. He had left his house in the evening to go a short distance, and had been gone scarce an hour when a shot was heard in the woods near the stream bordering the park. The family were alarmed at the report, and after some time had elapsed and Ormstead did not return, servants were sent into the wood, but nothing was found to awaken suspicion. The next morning, when a more thorough and careful search was made, a pistol was found not far from the water, marked with the initials of Ormstead, and his pocket-book. The pistol had been discharged, and there were marks of blood upon the ground.

"The current report at first," said Halley, "was that he had committed suicide. The neighborhood was persuaded of this from the circumstance that it was his own pistol which was found discharged."

"I will never believe it!" cried Morton, with vehemence.

"Nor I," rejoined Halley. "Indeed, the disappearance of the body is sufficient to disprove it. The stream was deep and rapid near the place—" here Morton shuddered;—"and the assassin might easily have disposed of the corpse."

"Has not the river been dragged?"

"It was, and the country searched for him; nothing has been left undone which you, sir, could have desired to bring the villany to light. But our inquiries as yet have all been in vain."

"Have you not lighted upon the slightest clue?" The physician hesitated.

"To you, Master Morton," at length he said—"I cannot be silent, though my lips have been sealed to every other human being. But I must entreat your silence till we have learned more."

"You have then a clue! Speak freely; tell me—on whom does suspicion fix?"

"Do not judge hastily; on no one as yet. My dear Ormstead, let me beg you not to be thus agitated."

"Speak out, Halley, and do not torture me!"

"Suspicion finds no ground yet to stand upon; a slight shade is only cast, which our investigations may follow. For a long time your brother had been unhappy. His wife—"

"Isabel—the gentlest creature in the world! What of her? Did he not love her?"

"Too well for his own peace. But a serpent wound itself between them."

"What do you mean? She was not false to him?"

"I would not believe it if an angel's tongue gave the assurance! But there were baleful arts at work; secret information was poured into his ears; his suspicions were excited against her."

"By whom, and on what grounds?"

"By whom he would never reveal. The grounds must have been idle; for, though loving gaiety—a brilliant ornament to society—the deportment of Mrs. Ormstead has ever been marked by dignity and propriety. He became harsh and moody, and to his perverted judgment it seemed as if the very gentleness with which she bore his unkindness caused him the more to doubt her. But of all this I knew nothing definite. On that fatal evening—Will you not take some wine, sir? you look so pale—"

"Heed not my looks. Go on."

"That evening he received a letter which affected him fearfully. I was with him when it came. Its contents cannot now be known, for he tore it in fragments and flung them into the fire. I saw him strike his hand against his forehead, and he groaned deeply as if in pain, yet would not say what distressed him."

"Poor Henry! Go on."

"He told me, then, that he was going some distance that night to meet some one on pressing business. He sent me to speak with one of his tenants, and when I returned he had left the house. Not half an hour passed from that time till the shot was heard; since then we know nothing."

Morton was silent a few moments; at length he said—

"What you have told me tends to establish Isabel's innocence; for it points strongly to some villain who had a double object in his crime—to destroy both her and my brother."

"To destroy your brother's peace by impeaching his wife, truly; but no word has ever been breathed in public against her."

"Do you believe the calumny, then?"

"I said I did not; but I have perplexing doubts, which I long to have settled or removed."

"Listen: you say the slander—for such I am convinced it is—has never been uttered. Let it remain buried in secrecy. The business is now mine, and you must join in my plans to discover the assassin. I wish to remain here unknown; I have my reasons for not wishing to be proclaimed just now as the heir of Ormstead. You shall therefore conduct the investigations. You may, if you please, announce my arrival to my sister-in-law, and—and Miss Audley; but say I cannot wait on them at present; say I am absorbed in this terrible business; I am unfit to meet them. They will, no doubt, be glad to escape intrusion from a stranger, whom they may imagine came in haste to take possession of the estates. You will attend to my wishes?"

"I will, certainly."

"To-morrow morning early I will see you again. Now, I must beg you to leave me." And Halley took his leave.

At an early hour on the following morning, two ladies sat in an apartment in the manor house. Both were beautiful, and the youngest appeared not more than seventeen years of age. Her slight girlish figure, with her pale brown hair, blue eyes, and delicate blond complexion, formed a contrast to the tall and well developed form of the other, whose clear dark cheek, and large brown eyes, heavily fringed with silken lashes, might have belonged to the daughter of Italy's soft clime. They were sisters, though of different mothers, and were now closely united by sympathy in their afflicted, lonely condition. For the time, the two seemed to have changed characters; the elder, worn by grief, appeared scarcely able to think or speak on any subject, but sat in an attitude of deepest dejection, leaning her head upon her hand, and occasionally wiping away the tears which at intervals slid down her pale cheek. The face of the younger had an expression of energy and resolution, hardly consistent with her youth and the fragile delicacy of her appearance—these qualities having been called into premature action by the fearful shock she had undergone, and the necessity of supporting her mourning sister. She was seated beside Mrs. Ormstead, and had wound both arms tenderly around her, while speaking more hopefully than she felt, to sustain her courage and fortitude.

A servant entering, announced Dr. Halley. He came to bring them intelligence of the arrival of Morton Ormstead, with the excuse he had sent for not at present calling to pay his respects to his sister-in-law; pleading that the mournful duties devolving upon him in the investigations to be made, left him not a moment's leisure. He added his wish that his presence in the neighborhood should remain unknown to all but themselves.

Both Mrs. Ormstead and Miss Audley heard this announcement with extreme surprise.

"It seems most strange," said the former, "that at this time, of all others, this ordinary courtesy and comfort should have been withheld; particularly when you remember his relations to Helen—"

"I know," replied the physician, "that by the will of your late father, he was betrothed to your sister, then a lovely child. Nor can I account for this whim—for such it seems to me, except on the score of his eagerness to lose no time in prosecuting his endeavors to discover the perpetrator of the terrible deed which has brought such misery on all your family."

"Heaven grant him success!" cried the lady, clasping her hands. "But is there no hope that—that we may be mistaken? that Henry may yet live?"

"Alas, dear lady! would that I dared say what might comfort you! Know you any motive that could impel him thus to leave his home in secret?"

"Motive! none, surely! But he may have been seized and carried away forcibly by wicked men."

Halley shook his head.

"That would scarcely have been possible; they would have been traced. No, my dear Mrs. Ormstead, we must yield to the conviction that an assassin's hand was raised against his life."

"But who on earth could hate Henry?" cried Helen Audley. "Whom had he offended, to provoke such horrible revenge?"

"Nor was any one, that I know, interested in his death," said the physician, musingly. "Perhaps, indeed—madam, pardon me the question—but have you any knowledge of the disposition of your husband's estate, in case of—of his death?"

"None, sir. I never would permit him to speak on the subject."

"He once mentioned to me that he intended leaving to you the whole of his personal property; the manor descending to his brother Morton. His papers, if I remember rightly, were always kept in the private drawer of his cabinet bureau."

"It shall never be opened, Doctor Halley, till—till no further doubt remains that my Henry is no more. Clarcy knows the contents of all the papers."

"I respect your feelings on the subject, my dear madam, and will trouble you no further. True, Clarcy must know all; he is Ormstead's lawyer, and drew up the papers. Was he here yesterday?"

"He was," replied Helen, "and has been here every day that my sister could see him. He is so kind, so generous, so sympathizing."

Here she wept as well as her sister, while Halley turned away his face; for a sudden suspicion entered his mind. He knew the advocate, Clarcy, for a cold, cunning, avaricious man, as bold as crafty, and one to whom sympathy could never be known. The artless eulogy of Miss Audley had called up a train of ideas which, followed with the electric rapidity of thought, brought him to a startling conclusion.—He had not a single link of proof, or a reason to adduce that would have satisfied another; yet, from his knowledge of the deep and unscrupulous nature of the man, his conviction of the truth of his conjecture pressed upon his mind with a force he could not resist. It was one of those singular instances in which certainty seems brought to the mind by supernatural intimation; when realities have suddenly appeared evident to the moral sense which required a slow and difficult process for demonstration.

Immediately after leaving the ladies, he went to the inn, where he had engaged to meet Morton Ormstead. After a brief interview, both went to call upon Clarcy; and after a prolonged conversation, in which he promised to use his utmost endeavors to assist their investigations, the conviction in the minds of both friends was that he had some deep game to play, though what his course would be did not yet appear. He said that some circumstances, not generally known, had come to his knowledge, but declined bringing them forward before the legal examination, which, having been deferred till the arrival of the nearest relative, would take place in a day or two. One incident, however, he mentioned; the discovery of a lady's glove in the wood near the place where the murder was supposed to have been committed. The glove bore the initials of Mrs. Ormstead.

"Even supposing it proved to be hers, what inference could be drawn from the fact?" asked Halley. "She was certainly in the house all that evening."

"Of itself, the incident is nothing, as you observe," returned Clarcy; "it could be only significant in connection with other circumstances."

"Will you speak more explicitly, sir?" said Morton.

"Pardon me if I cannot at present. I am the friend of the widow—of the family; and would repeat nothing which might be construed unfavorably to her interests."

"Villain!" muttered Ormstead, between his teeth; but a look from Halley restrained him.

There were but few more words exchanged, and then they left the lawyer's house, evidently much to his relief. Both were in deep thought as they returned to the village, and both expressed the same conviction: that it was evidently Clarcy's object to throw suspicion on the young widow, while professing himself her warm and steadfast friend. It was judged expedient by Morton to send a note to his sister-in-law, requesting that she would hold no communication with the wily advocate, nor admit him to the house, however urgent might be the pretence of business on which he might ask to see her. Halley himself was the bearer of the note, and received an assurance that its request should be strictly complied with.

We turn to another scene, which occurred on the afternoon of that day. The young sister of Mrs. Ormstead, having persuaded her to seek some repose, was seated in one of the arbors of the large garden, shaded by climbing roses and honeysuckles that excluded the level rays of the sun. Her face was pale, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks, with an expression of suffering far deeper than one so young should feel. Again and again she sighed deeply, after long and earnest thought, and at length, giving way to depression, buried her face in her hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly. She did not perceive that a noble looking young man had entered the arbor and was standing close beside her, gazing upon her with a look of intense and melancholy interest. When she lifted her clasped hands, as in prayer, and raised her tearful countenance, she heard a low voice utter her name, and turning quickly, saw the stranger. A wild cry of surprise escaped her lips; and starting up, she exclaimed, "Hubert! Hubert!" and flung herself into his arms, weeping as though her heart would break.

"Helen, my own Helen! why this grief? What has happened! Speak to your faithful lover! Ah! the light in these dear eyes tells me, the wild Hubert is not forgotten?"

With a convulsive shudder, the fair girl drew herself from his embrace, and sank again upon the seat, her head drooping on her breast.

"In mercy speak, Helen! Why this agitation! Why do you turn from me? Are you not mine?"

"No, Hubert," she cried, speaking with a violent effort; "it is because—because I cannot be yours—that—"

"Why not, Helen? my name and lineage are not unworthy. If I can offer no broad lands, or heaps of gold, here is a faithful heart, and an arm that has strength to battle with fortune. Why should not my love find response?"

"Hubert! leave me!" she faltered.

"Helen! a voice speaks from your heart to mine. Give it utterance freely!"

"Why came you here? Go, Hubert; we must never meet again."

"Helen!"

"I am an affianced bride! bound by my father's will to another!"

"I know all; to Morton Ormstead. Helen! has he sought to know you, or to win your affections? Has he troubled himself even to come hither, till his brother's death made him heir to the estate?"

"I ask no love from him. But I will abide by my father's will; by the promise I myself ratified a year since—before—we met at Claremont."

"You forgot it then for a space!" said the young man bitterly.

"Cruel, cruel Hubert!" sobbed Miss Audley. "It is true, I then remembered not my duty. I loved you! Blame me for it as you will; my own self-reproach is harder to bear. But a life of suffering may atone—"

"Helen! for one who loves you not—whom you cannot love—will you cast away my happiness and your own?"

She wept again—and motioned him to depart.

"Never, Helen, will I resign you, till assured by your own lips that you love me not. See Morton Ormstead; appeal to him, and let his sense of right, of justice, decide. He cannot claim the reluctant fulfilling of such a promise."

"I will stand fast to mine;" said the girl, resolutely. "The honor of Audley has never known shame! Now, Hubert, go. Should my sister know of your coming? Ah! she has already more than enough to crush her!"

"I will obey you, Helen; but we shall meet again—and I trust, under better auspices. Of one thing be assured; that knowing your heart is mine, I will never give you up!"

He lingered but a little while longer, and had scarcely left the garden, when Helen was summoned into the house by the maid. Clarcy had come to ask a private interview with Mrs. Ormstead, and being refused admission, had forced his way into the parlor, insisting on seeing her. He had detained her more than half an hour in conversation. When he left the house, it was with every appearance of violent anger, and the servants found their mistress in a state of agitation that was soon relieved by insensibility.

Helen did not permit them to send for the physician, but on Isabel's recovery of consciousness, yielded to her entreaty that nothing might be said of the intrusion, or the suffering it had caused her. The two young sisters, so early visited by sorrow, remained alone together the rest of the evening; Helen sitting by the bedside, her arm thrown over Isabel, and holding her hand: while the tears she silently wiped away flowed as much for her grief as her own. Isabel sank to sleep under this gentle watching. Only when she moaned in her sleep, would Helen stoop, and imprint a kiss on her pale forehead. Gradually a calm stole into her own heart—the calm of holy trust—for she felt that she could commit the future to the care of an infinitely wise Providence; that the benignant Father who had watched over her hitherto, strewing her path with flowers, would not forsake her, now that the way was dreary, and the sunshine displaced by gloom. Warmed and cheered by this confidence, she took her place for that night beside her sister, and sank also into the peaceful slumber of innocence.

There was need for trust in a tender and watchful Providence, in the heavy trial that awaited both. Another day passed, and on the next an examination was to be made by the magistrates of the county, and men sworn as a jury, to ascertain if the circumstances that had come to light, pointed to any one as guilty, and to consider the proof existing that a murder had actually been committed. The singularity of the case, the victim's responsible rank in life, and the mystery involving the whole transaction, had caused the prevalence of the most intense curiosity and interest concerning it throughout the neighboring country. The village was thronged all that day—every man hearing or relating the newest incidents in the affair; and already a vague rumor of something terrible, tending to the criminating of the widow, was spread abroad. This rumor was propagated in whispers; for the hardiest were not prepared to entertain anything like a definite suspicion. Late in the afternoon a small party, headed by one of the police, was seen riding towards the manor-house. The boldest conjecture did not go beyond the truth. The leader was no officer, who bore a warrant for the arrest of Isabel Ormstead.

Dr. Halley was with the ladies when the warrant was served. His surprise was extreme, and he seemed for a moment perplexed what to do; while his indignation was suppressed with difficulty. He could not but surmise whose work was this cruel outrage; yet Clarcy must have shown something like proof to the magistrates, or the order would not have been issued. His interference was necessary to calm the terror and grief of Miss Audley; as for Isabel, she was perfectly composed. She even smiled, as she turned to her sister.

"I told you last night, Helen," she said, "that Henry had called me; I am going to him."

"For mercy's sake, sister, dear sister, do not talk so!" cried Helen.

The officer, with an apology, uttered in a tone of deep feeling, for the discharge of his painful duty, offered to permit his prisoner to remain for the night in an apartment of her own house, under a guard. This kindness was gladly accepted by Halley, and the arrangements speedily made. The men were placed on guard at the door of Mrs. Ormstead's dressing-room, with orders to permit her to pass to and fro. The officer then took his leave, and the ladies were left alone with him who now was their only friend on earth.

"One thing you must do, and without loss of time," said Helen, after some time had passed in efforts to soothe and cheer them. "Go or send to the village, and demand of Morton Ormstead that he come to take his proper place beside my afflicted sister. He is her only relative here, and if he keep aloof, it may be said he doubted her innocence! I cannot but guess wherefore he has avoided us; he fears to claim the fulfilment of the contract with me; he is averse to one so blighted by misfortune. Tell him he is free; I release him from the promise."

"Do not misjudge him, Helen," said Halley.

"What else can be the cause of his avoidance? No, Halley, I am right. It did not seem clear to me till now. Go—lose not a moment; it is growing late."

Even in the shame and misery of their circumstances, the young girl felt a thrill of joy, as she spoke of releasing Morton from his involuntary troth.

The physician had not far to ride; for he met Ormstead on his way to the manor-house. As Halley, on his return, rode up the avenue in the dusky light, it could be seen that he was not alone. Isabel roused herself to receive the brother of her lost husband before whom she was now to appear in such sad circumstances, uncertain if he would be disposed to sustain or condemn her. Helen, on the other hand, felt indifferent which way his judgment might lean; for in her opinion he had already intimated an unfavorable disposition by remaining so long in the vicinity without calling upon them. Her indignation at this unkindness and the implied slight to herself, was mingled with a joyous hope which she tried to crush down in her heart, but which, in spite of her efforts, would strive to burst from the control. Yet why, she thought, rejoice so much in the prospect of recovering her freedom? Would he to whom her heart was given now seek to win the hand of one whose name was threatened with disgrace? Even should he, in pity, offer her shelter from the world's scorn, would her own pride permit her to bestow on him a hand rejected by him to whom it had been plighted, because misfortune had overtaken her and her orphan sister! No! Though she entertained no doubt of Isabel's acquittal, still, she knew, the ignominious accusation would be a blight upon them both; they must be sufferers together till death; and she resolved to devote herself to the care of her who would henceforth be solely dependent on her love. Seating herself beside her sister, she twined her arms fondly around her, and pressed her lips to her pale cheek.

"What ever befal my Isabel, we are one; I will never leave her!" she murmured; and the sister answered by an affectionate caress and a prayer that Heaven would reward such tenderness.

The two were sitting thus when Halley entered, to say that Morton Ormstead asked permission to come in; Isabel signified her assent, and rose up with dignity to receive him. Helen rose also. Why did she start, and with a joyful cry spring forward, then check herself, and retreat, and stand as if utterly bewildered? Their friend announced Morton Ormstead; but it was Hubert whom she saw; Hubert himself, who knelt at her feet, and covered her hands with kisses; clasped her slight form in his arms, and told her again of his love, and his determination to claim and protect her!

The mystery was soon explained. The young man, feeling the usual aversion to a match already made for him, had resolved to see his betrothed bride in an assumed character, and for that purpose had been invited to Claremont while she was on a visit there, had been introduced to her by one only of the names to which his baptism had given him right, and seeing her had loved at first sight. A desire to owe the priceless gift of her hand only to her affection, had influenced him to continue the deception, and he had sought and obtained the artless acknowledgment of her love. Her departure some days before it had been anticipated prevented any final explanation; nor was Hubert unwilling to try her feelings a little further before disclosing to her his identity with the one to whom her father's will had affianced her. The information brought to him an hour before that Isabel was arrested, determined him instantly to go to the manor-house, explain the cause of his absence, and support the afflicted ones in the trying scenes through which they were to pass. On the way he had been met by the physician as before mentioned; and it may be imagined that the message gave wings to his haste to ask forgiveness for the apparent neglect which had caused so much uneasiness.

This forgiveness was not difficult to obtain. Even Isabel smiled, and forgot she was a prisoner when she heard Morton's words of comfort and encouragement, and saw the soft bloom of hope and happiness again suffusing her fair young sister's cheek. The dark morrow, however, could not be forgotten. At ten o'clock the friends separated; Morton and Halley retired to the apartments made ready for them, and Helen shared the couch of her sister.

The morning was cloudy and cheerless, as if to be in harmony with the feelings of some of the inmates of the manor-house. Few of the domestics had closed their eyes during the night; for their terror at the arrest of their mistress, and indignation at what they felt to be unjust persecution of her were enough to banish rest. The ordinary business of the household was attended to in silence and mechanically, and scowling looks were thrown upon the guards when the servants passed through the hall where they were stationed. The sisters rose early. The strange occurrence of the preceding day seemed to have imparted new life to Isabel, by giving her another subject for thought than her wasting grief, and rousing her feelings to something allied to resentment. For weeks she had not looked so well; the light had returned to her eyes, and her cheek was tinged with a faint color. The change struck even Helen, when, refreshed with the sleep of youth and innocence, she started up and saw her sister already dressed. Isabel wore a deep mourning robe; her hair was simply arranged, and a brooch containing her husband's hair was her only ornament. Helen's dress was also a mourning one, and contrasted with her pearly complexion and sunny waving hair, made her look fairer than ever. The morning repast at which Morton and Halley joined them was set out in the dressing-room. Soon after it was over, the arrival of officers from the village was announced, and the prisoner was instructed to prepare to accompany them.

Helen would not permit her sister to depart without her; and they entered the carriage, accompanied by Morton, Halley saying he had business in another direction, and would meet them at the house of the magistrate who was to preside at the examination. Little was said on the way; but Morton observed that the courage of neither of his fair companions seemed to fail as the hour of trial drew near. How touching, too, was Helen's tender watchfulness over her sister! her anxiety to remove from her all feeling of apprehension, and to shield her from cold and curious looks! Such guardianship in one so young and lovely, seemed like the watching of an angel over a sweet spirit of earth, beset by the powers of darkness!

The carriage stopped in front of the magistrate's house; the ladies were assisted to alight, and led in by Ormstead. About a dozen persons, besides the justices and the jury, were assembled in the large parlor; all others having been excluded in consideration to the feelings of the accused. All rose, with a respectful obeisance, at the entrance of the ladies, to whom seats were assigned, and the examination commenced. Clarcy did not, as Morton expected, himself present the accusation; it was a lawyer from a neighboring town. The case was briefly stated; the sudden and singular disappearance of Henry Ormstead, in connection with the perturbation of mind he had manifested for some time before, and his increased inquietude on that particular evening. The glove was then produced. It had been found by a man named Selwyn, who lived in the village, a day or two afterwards, and was proved to belong to Mrs. Ormstead. The prisoner readily acknowledged it as hers, and said she had walked in the wood the same afternoon. Next, the pistol which had been found was exhibited. It was shown to be one of Ormstead's, and the lawyer argued that, suicide being placed out of the question by the removal of the body, the murder being supposed to have taken place some rods from the stream, the deed must have been perpetrated by one who had an accomplice—he shuddered to say it—in the household; in one who possessed the confidence of the destined victim. The pistol was one of a pair Ormstead usually took with him in going on a journey; they were kept in a drawer in his library, to which none of the servants had access; the owner never travelled without the pair; for what purpose had one been taken out, but the design—too horrible to name!—of arming the assassin and furnishing presumptive evidence that Henry had taken his own life? The lawyer then described in detail occurrences before and after the commission of the crime. Then he came, as he said, to the most painful part of his evidence, which nothing but a stern sense of duty could induce him to offer against the unfortunate prisoner. Ormstead's pocket-book had been found; it contained one or two letters from which it might be gathered that his disquiet of mind was connected with his wife. She—the ornament of society, gay, courted and admired—had yet no heart for him who had chosen her to be the sharer of his fortune.

Helen started up indignantly; but Morton, who was near her, caught her hand, and drew her back to her seat, whispering her to be silent. Isabel retained perfect composure; her hands were clasped, and her eyes fixed intently on the speaker; but there was no other sign of emotion, except the occasional flushing of her cheek. The lawyer went on to say that it became his duty to lay before the magistrates letters from Henry Ormstead addressed to his confidential lawyer and friend, Clarcy, who, with a desire to shield the accused, had hitherto observed silence. Indeed, the existence of these letters had only been made known by an accident.—The letters were then read. They were full of complaints of the imprudent conduct of the writer's wife; detailed angry conversations, in which he had remonstrated with her, and finally spoke of divorce. One contained the sentence: "It was but yesterday I saw her walking, after dusk, in the wood by the river, in earnest conversation with a man whose face I could not see. I walked quickly towards them; but at the sound of approaching steps the man hurried away, and I could not overtake him. My wife was much agitated, but on some pretext or another, refused to reveal his name. I am convinced, however, it is the same person of whom I told you. I shall spare no pains to ascertain if my suspicions are well founded, and I think I have already a clue to discovery. If I have to leave home, I trust everything to you." "This," the advocate continued, "was received only two days before the deed was committed. On that evening, Ormstead, believing he had information which would enable him to find the object of his search, left home. Does not reasonable conjecture supply the rest? In the wood he met the partner of his wife's guilt, already provided by her with the instrument of death; the murderer's aim was true, and the bleeding form of the victim was cast into the waters. The assassin escaped; perhaps to some distant country, where he may be safe from human justice. But she who incited him to the crime, and facilitated its commission, is here, and may be forced to confession."

At the conclusion of his argument the speaker recommended that the accused be committed for full trial.

There was a dead silence for some minutes, and then Clarcy was called forward and examined. His testimony, which seemed to be given with painful reluctancy, confirmed what had been stated, and tended to fix suspicion strongly upon the prisoner. It was observed that her face grew pale when he began to speak; but as he proceeded, the color came again into her cheek, and her features became perfectly calm, a slight curl of her lip expressing scorn of the unworthy accusation. When Helen, impatient and indignant, would have interrupted the testimony, she restrained her gently, but effectually.

When Clarcy's evidence was concluded, Morton, as the advocate on the part of the defence, rose to speak. With great ability and skill, he went over the evidences that had just been produced, pointing out the fallacy of unfavorable conclusions founded on it, and exposing its glaring inconsistencies. His reasoning, which want of space forbids our giving in detail, had a powerful effect. He then drew the mask from Clarcy, exposing his baseness in its full deformity. He had been a disappointed suitor for the hand of Isabel, before her marriage, and had aspired to the favor of the richly endowed widow. Since the disappearance of her husband, his actions had all the same view of gaining her good will; while, in the anticipation of another defeat of his presumptuous hopes, he had conceived the project of exciting suspicion against her by the accumulation of petty evidence, which might either be swept away as utterly worthless, or dwelt upon till it assumed importance, and could be made to serve as an engine for her destruction. Thus he had surrounded her with a coil from which it seemed not likely she could escape. His last visit had determined him to the use of every means in his power against her. At that visit—which was a forcible intrusion into the lady's presence, for she had given orders that he should not be admitted—he had ventured all on one decisive cast; had declared his intentions, demanded her promise to marry him, and on her indignant refusal, had informed her she was in his power, and threatened her with ruin and disgrace—disgrace that would involve her young sister—in case she would not submit to his propositions.

"He counted on an easy victory," concluded Morton, "over the crushed spirit of a woman, but the discovery of the coil of treachery and villany that encircled her, only gave her courage to bid him defiance, with the scorn of insulted virtue. When he had left her presence, she was no longer able to bear the agitation she had suffered, and was found by her attendants in a swoon."

Clarcy had listened to this speech with every sign of vehement excitement; he muttered execrations; his hands shook; his eyes gleamed hate and fury, and he several times attempted to interrupt the speaker. He now started up, exclaiming:—"It is all a tissue of falsehood! I challenge him to the proof! And the letters—ha, ha!—the letters—"

"Are *forgeries*—as I will prove presently," said Morton, calmly, and fixing his eyes on Clarcy, who quailed at his look for an instant, but presently recovered his effrontery, and boldly demanded that the proof he spoke of might be instantly produced. None who knew the handwriting of the elder brother—he said—would venture to doubt their authenticity. Morton, excusing his absence for a moment, left the room, and there was silence, except a whispered conversation between Clarcy and the lawyer who had presented the accusation. When Morton returned, he took his seat again between Isabel and Helen, whispering something in the ear of the latter that caused her to start wildly, and gaze at him

with an expression of incredulity. There was no time for explanation. The door was thrown open, and Halley entered, supporting a pale, feeble-looking man, whose appearance produced in the whole company such an effect as might have been expected had a ghost become suddenly visible. It seemed indeed, an apparition of the dead; for it was the face and form—well known, though sadly altered—of Henry Ormstead himself!

On two individuals present the effect was more startling than on the rest. With a wild shriek of joy, and the exclamation, "Henry—he lives! Henry!" Isabel sprang forward, and threw herself into his arms, clasping his neck convulsively, weeping, and uttering his name in every accent of passionate rapture and fondness. On the other hand, the features of Clarcy grew rigid, and his lips deathly white; he grasped for breath, and vainly strove to speak; and when the first terror of his surprise was over, he turned and attempted to leave the apartment. Morton's quick eye perceived the movement, and he called him back, reminding him that the examination was not yet concluded.

At his words Isabel started from her husband's embrace, and stood up proudly, putting back the hands he stretched out to clasp hers.

"Not yet, Henry!" she said, "your wife stands charged with crime. It is proved that she did not compass your death; but of the accusation of a moglo disloyal thought she must be free—be fully acquitted—before she can again be yours. These letters—"

"I never wrote them!" cried Henry, indignantly. "They are base forgeries. In my word—my oath sufficient; or dare the villain, in my presence, repeat his assertion that he received them from me?"

Clarcy did not reply. His guilt was evident. But there were still other charges against him. Ormstead now declared himself convinced that he was the author of the anonymous communications which had first moved him to doubt his true and innocent wife. Clarcy's artful insinuations had fed the flame till it preyed almost on his life. It was on Clarcy's promise of information that would lead to a full discovery, that he had been induced to leave home on the night of his disappearance. While walking in the wood, he had been fired at by some unseen person. Here Hadley's testimony was introduced. He had found his friend lying desperately wounded, and yielding to his earnest request that he might not be taken home, had borne him to a lodge near at hand. The same night he removed him to his house. "His prayer still," said Halley, "was to have the knowledge that he lived, concealed from all, till his recovery; and I consented the more readily, believing that time would unmask the criminal, and dispel the doubts which had destroyed my friend's peace. I kept the secret, having only within a day or two admitted Master Morton into my confidence. The news of the accusation devised against Mrs. Ormstead, determined her husband to appear for her vindication, before his restoration to health. Of this lady I must now ask pardon for my involuntary share in causing the sorrow she has suffered."

"Can you forgive me, Isabel?" murmured the invalid.

The bright yet tearful smile of the loving wife, as she clasped his hand in both of hers, was sufficient reply. All the gentlemen present crowded around them with warm congratulations; and even the advocate who had presented the accusation, having been made to believe he was disclosing guilt, was not exempted from pardon. An order meanwhile was issued for Clarcy's arrest.

The happy party proceeded to the manor house, where the day that had commenced so inauspiciously was concluded in mutual explanations, and renewed expressions by Ormstead of penitence for his doubts. Under the delusion brought about by a villain's arts, he had been led blindfold; but now that the whole system of treachery and deceit was laid open, he wondered how he could have been beguiled for a moment to doubt the truth which was clear as the day. His mental suffering, and his wounds, he averred, had been too slight a punishment, teaching him, however, a lesson by which he would profit during his future life.

The miserable Clarcy refused to confess his guilt; but an impartial examination of all the circumstances left no doubt in the mind of any one in the neighborhood, that he was the person who had fired at Ormstead. A deep rooted hatred of him, growing out of envy and jealousy, and a design to destroy the happiness of the young pair, had incited him to attempt to alienate them from each other; and after the supposed death of his victim, he had formed the determination to espouse his widow. He remained many months in prison, and when at length released by the interference of those he had so deeply injured, he did not return to that part of the country.

Not a year after these occurrences, the marriage of Morton Ormstead with Helen Audley took place, and the manor-house was a scene of festivity. They went to London during the fashionable season, where the beauty of the youthful bride was widely celebrated. It is not likely that the incidents above narrated, were ever known so far from the locality where they occurred.

☞ How to Converse.—The thread of conversation is sustained amongst several persons, by each knowing when to take a stitch in time.

☞ As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods, prop up such parts as are contiguous to them, so, in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good nature and humanity.—*Plutarch.*

☞ The man who "shot at random" did not hit it—he has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.

☞ The Truly Brave.—That man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and undauntedly fulfils his duty, whatever be the dangers which impede his way.

☞ A Synod of the Rabbis of France and Algeria is about to be held in Paris shortly, with the object of examining the propriety of transferring the observance of the Jewish Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday.

☞ The Place For Blackleg.—What a blessed change for society it would be if all the numerous rascals upon the turf were under it instead.—*Punch.*

☞ Revival After Execution.—"November 29, 1740; William Dewell was carried to Surgeons' Hall in order for dissection, when he came to himself, and was the same night again committed to Newgate. December 6, 1740: The case of Dewell the malefactor, who after hanging came to life again, is left to the Recorder. February 14, 1741: The condition of Dewell's pardon, who revived after execution, is transportation for life."—*Annual Register.*

☞ The Tribunal of Berne has just granted a woman a divorce from her husband, on the ground that he has joined a sect called the Antonians, which entertain loose notions respecting matrimonial ties.

☞ "Class in the middle Geography stand up. What is a pyramid?" "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of t'other." "Where is Egypt?" "Where it allers was." "Where is that, you young vagabood, you?" "Dunno, sir." "Go down to the foot."

☞ The editor of the London Times can only be approached by letter. That is the best way of approaching all editors, especially when anything is to be submitted for publication.

☞ Jus D'Earsty.—When the late M. M. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of Sheriff of New York, it was objected to his election, that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Mrs. H. A. R. wishes to know a way to remove fly specks from gilt frames without spoiling the gilding. It is our impression that it cannot be done.

THE PAINTED DUCHESS.—L. A. C. doubtless is right, and our Paris correspondent wrong. Ducrest was not born "without feet," but without *arms*, and painted with his *feet*. We are obliged to L. A. C. for his correction.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Our beloved city of Philadelphia is certainly, at this particular season, one of the worst located places in the world. Situated about midway between the North and the South, it is somewhat in the position of the gentleman who ventured to interpose between a man and his wife, and caught the blows of both parties. Our mercantile community especially, seems to have rather a hard row to hoe. Those members of it who are Republicans, have been repeatedly threatened with the loss of their Southern trade for holding such political opinions; and now we perceive that a movement is suggested at the West, to transfer the whole Western trade to New York, on the ground that the great mass of our merchants are a set of lick spittles and toadies to the South. Yea and verily, Philadelphia seems to be named Issachar—a "strong ass couching down between two burdens."

Well, what is Philadelphia going to do about it? We were about to say, that we neither knew nor cared; but the truth is that we do not know, though we do care. For we are interested even more than the mere fact of our being a Philadelphian would imply—and although often sadly out of patience with the mercantile community of our native city, we do feel a pride in seeing Philadelphians act like men, and not like lick-spittles and slaves.

And therefore we should like to see the merchants of Philadelphia,—speaking as one man, without regard to the political differences among them—say in so many words to North, and South, and East, and West,—"Friends and Customers: We have heard your various threats, and this is our answer: We have goods for sale—a fine assortment, well selected, and cheap for cash, or on approved credit. The Fall Trade is now approaching, and we would advise you to look through our stocks before purchasing elsewhere—yea, verily! But Friends and Customers, we all of us have also certain views, ideas, opinions and notions, upon very many subjects, literary, scientific, political, and religious;—and these, although a large and fine and varied assortment, are not for sale, neither for cash nor approved credit—not an idea nor notion of them—nay, verily! Now if you wish to purchase the former, we shall be glad to see you; but if you do not wish to purchase the former unless we will throw in more or less of the latter—then, respected friends and customers, you may even go to some place where you can get them—for you cannot get them in this city of Philadelphia, whose founder was Penn, nay, verily! though you went down on your knees on the floor of the garret, and prayed your way all through into the cellar."

Something like that would be a proper expression of opinion for the merchants of this city—and then the Southern man or Western man who had a soul of his own, and meant to keep it too, would cry "well done, well done," and post to a town where they sold goods but not principles. And as for those unfortunates who have no souls of their own, and therefore try to steal the souls of other people, their room would be better than their company—yes, even in a business point of view.

And that brings us to the point, that the carrying of religion or politics into business—in the way referred to—is destructive of all true business policy. For, the moment you begin to buy, not with a view to the character and prices of the goods, but to the political or religious opinions of the seller, you have commenced operating upon an unsound and anti-commercial principle, which must injure your business just so far as it is allowed to influence it. Said a shrewd man of business once to a hesitating customer, who was making an allusion to his holding certain opinions—"Ah, you carry your prejudices into your business, do you? Then I cannot sell to you. The man who does that, in nine instances out of ten, must break!"

But we shall not dwell upon such minor considerations. There are certain cases in which men scarcely allow themselves to consider the policy of their course, for fear they might be tempted to forget their manhood. This is one of them. The merchant who would allow himself to be dictated to by a customer, as to what political or religious opinions he should hold or utter, is not worthy to be called either an American citizen or a man. And if ever that time comes, when the principles of the Seller shall be thrown in with his goods to the Buyer, from that moment will the name of *Merchant* lose all its honor, and become a word of sneering and an epithet of reproach.

BROOKS AND BURLINGAME.

Our readers will perceive that Messrs. Brooks's friends, Messrs. Lane and Bocock, are out in new cards upon this highly important and never-to-be-sufficiently discussed subject. The upshot of the matter is, that Mr. Brooks is now desirous of withdrawing his withdrawal of his challenge, and wishes to place himself in the same position that he occupied before flying off the handle at the naming of Canada as a place of meeting. He is now willing that Mr. Burlingame should designate any place within one hundred miles of Washington—even if it should happen to take him some forty miles into the "enemy's country."

Whether Mr. Burlingame will consent to this withdrawal of a false move on the part of Mr. Brooks, when the latter not only has taken his fingers off his piece, but has seen his opponent's play, is of course a matter of uncertainty—though, if he be wise, he will do nothing of the kind. Even looking at the matter in the mere prudential view of a "man of this (*this*) world," he will see that he has already gone so far as to render his political standing at best doubtful; and that he cannot now be called upon to run the risk of ruining his political fortunes entirely, in order to enable his antagonist to regain his own steady footing.

Besides, according to the very South Carolina code of honor itself, as quoted by Mr. Lane, Mr. Brooks has fatally damaged his position. He had no right to post Mr. Burlingame for proposing an unusual place of meeting, until he had endeavored to have that place of meeting changed. By his failure to do this, he violated the "code" in the grossest way—and even when, as it appears, he had the volume open before him! You cannot post a man first, and then expect him to give you *satisfaction* afterwards—this is decidedly too cool a proceeding for any "code of honor"—and there are some actions which, from their very nature, cannot be undone.

But as to that famous South Carolina code, thus produced for the first time to meet the exigency of the occasion, where was it, we may be allowed to ask, during the famous "difficulty" between Mr. Cutting and Mr. Breckinridge, the present candidate for the Vice Presidency? If the challenged party has not the choice of time, place and weapons, why was there such a great difficulty between these gallant gentlemen as to who really was the challenged party? And how was it that the duel fell through, because neither party was willing to fight with the other's favorite weapon? Thus furnishing a beautiful commentary upon the "chivalry" of the duello. How is it, in short, that this famous work upon the code of honor, "the best if not only authority upon the subject," has never been heard of until now, and now, at so late a period of the controversy? These are questions which will have to be satisfactorily answered, before much weight is attached to the authority of the work in question.

Having said this much, we may be allowed to add that we have nothing to say against the work itself, so far as we know it through the extracts quoted by Mr. Lane. In fact it appears to us like an attempt to infuse as much real chivalry as possible into the most absurd and ridiculous code in the world. But, for that very reason, it is not, and cannot be an authority at Washington. The kind of chivalry which is in vogue there, consists in taking every advantage of an opponent. It laughs at the very idea of magnanimity and fair play. It prefers an unarmed to an armed antagonist. It leads two or three men to unite for an attack upon one. It strikes an opponent when he is down. It is mean, cruel, cowardly and malicious. And it is degenerating, year by year, instead of improving.

YELLOW FEVER.

There is considerable alarm in New York, on account of the death of the Gate Keeper of the Marine Hospital, at Staten Island, and of other persons outside the institution, of yellow fever. One hundred and twenty sail are now at quarantine, and the citizens of Stapleton, in the vicinity, have instituted a vigilance committee, to cut off all communication with the Hospital. Dr. Francis, of New York, expresses the opinion that the yellow fever cannot be communicated by wearing apparel, and that it originates from the miasma of stagnant pools. But an editorial in Monday's *Tribune* says:—

At the time that the Health Officer at the Quarantine ordered certain infected vessels to be anchored off Fort Hamilton, that locality was remarkably free from sickness of any kind. The wind, for ten days after the mooring of these vessels, blew steadily in the direction along the line of the Long Island shore. During the period, or say within two weeks thereafter, we have announced the deaths of Judge Rockwell, General Stanton, Alderman Bergen, Chandler White, Esq., —— Powell, Esq., Miss Bergen, Miss Warner, and Miss Boyle.

In addition to the above, there were two or three servants or poor people died in the same locality, and all of the foregoing resided immediately on the shore of the Narrows.

In the Fort there were, during the same period, no less than five or six deaths, including Sergeant Henry and his wife. This mortality in the Fort will be regarded as more remarkable, when it is stated that not a single death had occurred in the Fort for six years previous to the visitation of these vessels. Major Morris himself assured us of this fact. We think an inspection of the books of Dr. Bailey, at the Fort Hospital, may also afford some valuable suggestions to the profession. We have not examined these books ourselves, but we are informed that, during the prevalence of the winds in a contrary direction from the vessels, no new cases were reported on the sick list.

Were these cases yellow fever? We have bestowed a great deal of attention on this subject, and examined the whole question thoroughly. Yellow fever or not, it was a fever which proved speedily fatal—most of the above recited deaths occurring within two or three days after the attack. The same disease in a Southern locality—Charleston or New Orleans, for example—without being one whit more marked or virulent in its symptoms, course, and termination, would be called and designated by no other term whatever than yellow fever. In some of the cases, the local physicians were exceedingly unwilling to have it understood that they were attending any other than bilious fever patients; and not until the unmistakeable black vomit demonstrated the character of the disease, would they consent to call it by its proper name.

Staten Island and the Narrows are some eight or nine miles from New York—but as one fatal case has been reported in *the city*, considerable apprehension is manifested. The City Inspector doubts that the individual referred to died of yellow fever, he being an intemperate man, and found in the streets in an insensible condition, as if recovering from a fit, but says he is obliged to make his record according to the physician's certificate. In the general health of the city, there had been an improvement from the previous week.

One of our Philadelphia dailies recently remarked that, notwithstanding the apprehensions expressed last year relative to a continued progress Northward of the pestilence, this city had been singularly healthy so far this summer, although the weather had been very warm, and the streets not been kept particularly clean. While we admit the truth of this statement, our citizens should remember that they doubtless owe much of their good health to the unusual dryness of the season. Frequent rains, while causing a pleasanter condition of the atmosphere, are, especially when combined with great heat, promotive of fevers and other disorders. A dry, uniform heat cannot be said to be an unhealthy heat—however much we may wish for a more changeable and uneven temperature.

Now that the drought seems to be over, and a season of frequent rains set in, we apprehend that the weekly return of the health of the city will present a more unfavorable appearance. We ought to be thankful, however, that the first rains have been such heavy ones, making our streets, gutters and culverts cleaner than they have been for a year. Our "reformed" city government does not seem to work much better than the old one, so far as the street-sweepers and the police are concerned. But Providence is kinder and more careful of us than we are of ourselves.

Notwithstanding the uneasiness at New York relative to the yellow fever, we think that there is no great danger to be apprehended, if the authorities will only keep the city clear of dirt and garbage, and free from those pestilential "pools" which Dr. Francis alludes to. And, in our own city, may we not hope that now the streets have been washed clean by the heavy rains, sufficient care will be exerted to keep them so? The water is again high in the rivers, bin-coms are not dear, and the night season is a cool and pleasant one to make use of both. Really, we think that any city government which would present to our people every morning when they rose, the spectacle of a clean, well-swept city, would be apt to take a lasting hold upon the public purse-strings.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.—The London journals announce that the difficulties with the United States relative to Central America, have been amicably arranged by the cession of the Bay Islands to Honduras. The accounts from Washington however throw some doubt upon the fact of such a settlement being made—and even as to whether Mr. Dallas has authority to make it. It may be however that the British ministry have proposed such terms as Mr. Dallas has assured them could hardly fail to be satisfactory to his government.

PARTIES IN THE HOUSE.

We do not now consider that there is much probability of the election of President being carried into the House of Representatives; but as it may be carried there, the state of parties in that body is still a matter of considerable interest. Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, a leading Democrat, recently made the following statement upon the subject, which we take for granted is correct. He said:

The Republicans have now thirteen States. If a Republican shall be elected in the place of Mr. Allen, and one in Mr. Trumbull's district, Illinois would be added; and if Mr. Bell, whose seat is contested, be ousted, and a Republican elected instead, Iowa would be secured for Fremont. Fifteen States thus certain, the election would be dependent on Mr. Cullen, the Representative from Delaware.—He was unwilling to trust it there, considering Mr. Cullen's course on the election of Speaker. Was it Mr. Cullen's fixed opinion that he will not, under any circumstances, vote for Mr. Buchanan?

Mr. Cullen replied that Mr. Cobb had no ground for saying what would be his course in such a contingency. He came here as a National American, and against the vote of every Democrat in Delaware, excepting half a dozen personal friends. Was it expected that he should support the Democratic party, and vote for his enemies? He fervently trusted the election would not be brought into the House, but if it should, he would vote for Fillmore, first and last, and not for Buchanan nor Fremont, and he was satisfied Mr. Fillmore would receive a majority of the States.

Mr. Cobb said that in his appeal to his constituents he did not mistake concerning Mr. Cullen's position, which was one of danger to the South, and favorable to Fremont.

Mr. Cullen repeated that it was his duty to vote for Mr. Fillmore to the last, and if God should permit the election to come into the House, he should fearlessly do his duty.

If the above statement of Mr. Cobb's be correct, and, as no other view was taken by any member present, we suppose it to be entirely so, the vote would probably stand if the question came to the House, Fifteen States for Buchanan, Fifteen for Fremont, and one State (Delaware) for Fillmore. If the Representative of Delaware should hold out for Fillmore to the end, it would amount to the election of Breckenridge, who would undoubtedly be chosen Vice President by the Senate. But it is hardly likely he would suffer Mr. Breckenridge to be elected by default, when his vote would determine the contest between Messrs. Fremont and Buchanan. In giving that vote, as a conscientious man, he would naturally be greatly influenced by two considerations—1. The vote of his own State. 2. The popular vote in the whole Union for the rival candidates. If a majority of the people of Delaware should vote for Mr. Buchanan, this doubtless would greatly weigh with Mr. Cullen; but if a majority should be in favor of Mr. Fillmore, or opposed to Mr. Buchanan, then he would feel more at liberty to consult other considerations.

Again. If either Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Fremont should have a majority of the popular vote of the whole Union, it doubtless would have a strong influence upon a conscientious representative, thus placed in a situation of such peculiar embarrassment. But if either should have merely a *plurality*, which is most likely, the question would remain decidedly an intricate and perplexing one.

One fact, however, it would be well to bear in mind; that although the Congressional votes of the States would be given by the members of the present Congress, they doubtless would feel bound to be governed, not alone by their own private opinions, but by the preferences their respective States had expressed in the contest. Thus it would be grossly anti-Republican for the representatives of any State to give its vote for one candidate, when a majority of the voters of said State had declared for another, unless it were absolutely necessary in order to make an election. And in this latter case, the probable second choice of said State should be consulted.

Those who examine into the subject, will thus find an election by the House, whenever the popular feeling is greatly excited, a result not at all to be desired. It were far to be preferred that only two candidates should always be placed before the people, in order that the choice might ever be with a clear majority of the electoral college, if not of the whole number of voters. The present contest, with its three candidates, we trust will prove an exceptional one,—merely consequent upon a new crystallization of parties; for such triangular contests cannot be frequently repeated without great danger of explosive results. And so great is the danger, that we should be inclined to favor an amendment to the Constitution, enacting that when neither of three or more candidates have a majority of the electors, a new election should be gone into by the people between the two candidates highest on the list.

THE FOL-DE-ROL OF THE DUELLO.—Messrs. Ridgway and Pryor, two editors of Richmond, Virginia, who agree, we believe, in nothing but enmity to the Northern States, recently waxed so wroth at each other, that nothing but "pistols and coffee for two" would satisfy them. The upshot of the matter is thus told by the telegraph and the Washington *Union*:—

WASHINGTON, August 6.—Mr. Pryor, editor of the Richmond Enquirer, and Mr. Ridgway, editor of the Richmond Whig, fought a duel at Bladensburg, this morning, at ten paces, with pistols. Neither was injured, and the affair was then amicably adjusted.

The following cards afterwards appeared in the Washington Union:—

A CARD.

Messrs. Ridgway and Pryor, of Richmond, Va., met and exchanged shots without effect. We, the undersigned, who arrived on the ground after the fire, then interposed, and at our request the challenge was withdrawn. It appearing to our satisfaction that the article of Mr. Pryor, which was the occasion of the challenge, was written under the belief that there was a studied purpose on the part of Mr. Ridgway to insult him and provoke a quarrel, we recommend that Mr. Ridgway disclaim such deliberate purpose, and that each and every article which was regarded as offensive either by Mr. Pryor or Mr. Ridgway, be *simultaneously* and frankly withdrawn; and we trust that hereafter these relations of kindness will subsist between them which become gentlemen who have so well approved their courage and honor.

P. E. BROOKS,
H. A. EDMUNDSON,
JOHN S. CASKIE.

August 6.

We, the respective friends of Messrs. Ridgway and Pryor, accept the foregoing adjustment as honorable and just to the parties concerned.

J. M. COOGIN.
CHAS. IRVING.

Now, how much more sensible it would have been for Messrs. Pryor and Ridgway to have "simultaneously and frankly withdrawn each and every article which was deemed offensive" by either, before leaving Richmond. It is evident, from the terms of the first of the above cards, that there was no real cause of quarrel between them—and, therefore, had not their Congressional friends interposed, one or the other might have been slain under a misapprehension. And if such had been the case, no one would have envied the survivor.

PARTY WARFARE.—The assaults in the political papers upon the personal characters of the three candidates for the Presidency, are both useless and ridiculous. The people are very little affected by such charges—neither are they the main questions in the present contest. The candidates represent their platforms, and, if elected, no doubt will do exactly what they are pledged to do—and they should be, and doubtless will be voted for or against, on this understanding.

☞ Many years ago, a bet was made by a distinguished Virginian with an English lord, of £1 a year, to increase in geometrical progression for the next succeeding twenty years, that it would rain in the County of Chesterfield, Virginia, (his place of residence,) on the first Saturday of August in every year. The result was, he won eighteen times and lost twice! That is, his winning was £537,008, and losing £2.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 4.

On leaving Utica we had another long car-ride through the beautiful Mohawk valley, and beside the broad, bright Mohawk river. It was delightful in the beginning, and tiresome toward the end, being too much of a good thing. People are apt to feel and act very independently under such circumstances. They cease to do the agreeable, and simply try to be comfortable. After the first buoyancy of starting subsided, our party usually put on an aspect of patient endurance. Only one really good-tempered can show a cheerful front at the close of a day's weary travel—and only one really beautiful look so through a cloud of dust and cinders. For true beauty is a radiation from the heart outwards, instead of being skin-deep, as the proverb has it, and strikes you most as an indisputable reality when it has a cloud to shine through.

At noon we stopped at Schenectady, a poor little ugly Dutch town, where we could not even find a decent ice-cream with which to refresh ourselves. A short afternoon ride brought us to Saratoga, that little world of gaiety and fashion, like the great world of cities in all but size. We drank the waters, of course, and walked through the Park, which is really beautiful, naturally picturesque in the first place, and in the second tastefully improved and highly kept. In the morning, a carriage took us to Saratoga Lake, and we spent a few hours very agreeably in the neat and pretty pleasure grounds, stopping to rest at intervals on the shaded seats that were scattered about on the hills looking over the water. Returning, we drove round to all the famous springs, tasting of each. The most curious is High Rock Spring. You come across a large rock, standing like an island in a waste of sand, and climbing by a few steps to the top, you see the water some feet below bubbling up in its stony hollow, like a violently boiling pot.

Ascending the stairway of our hotel at luncheon time, we passed by a company in a small saloon, sipping wine, and among them, with her little fairy Alice playing round her, sat the beautiful lady who lights up for us the foreground of our memory's picture of Niagara. She had arrived before us, pursuing the direct route to this gay resort, apparently choosing to shine at Saratoga rather than to rusticate at Trenton Falls.

For our part, we did not wish to stay another night. Saratoga was not to us a friend to be loved and looked back upon with longing, lingering heart, like dear delightful Trenton, but merely a fashionable acquaintance, to be ceremoniously called upon. So we made ready for departure, though it was already sunset, and we knew that Lake George, our next point of attraction, could only be reached by staging over the hills after dark.

We were in for night-riding more deeply than we counted on, however, for time and the stage rolled on, and brought ten o'clock, but not even the middle of our journey. A fellow-passenger, easy and sociable, after beguiling an hour or two with stories of foreign travel, grew drowsy like the rest, and securing, in traveller fashion, all possible comfort under the most unpromising circumstances, settled down to sleep in a corner. So the stage lumbered on, as if it never would stop, in darkness and silence, until, somewhere in the small hours, we came to a sudden halt that startled all the uneasy sleepers, and looking about us, saw on one hand a wide, shadowy sheet of water, and on the other, a flaring light and the broad steps of Fort William Henry Hotel. The former was what we came to see, but the latter (let the truth be told) was quite as welcome, and had our first respects. Comfortable beds took precedence of romance.

This new hotel, the name of which suggests such thrilling memories, is generously furnished with the latest appliances for comfort and luxury, and is in most respects admirably conducted. It stands near the site of the old fort at the head of the lake. A finer position could not be chosen. Mountains rise gradually on either side, and the far expanse of the lake stretches clear and beautiful before it—and wherever one may look are mountains, blue in the misty distance—encircling all the lake, with no apparent outlet.

The morning of our arrival rose clear, cool and bracing, and after rolls and coffee, and all the other etceteras of a first-rate breakfast, we sought the front piazza and took our fill of beauty from the ravishing view before us. "Of all lovely and delightful places!" we mentally exclaimed, "this is surely the loveliest, the most delightful!" The pure invigorating air was like a sense of wings. It was employment enough and pleasure enough to breathe and to look. The piazza runs the whole length of the building; from the western end your eye mounts up the steep height of the Rattlesnake hills, covered with thick woods; on the east are the French hills, so called probably from the time that the French and their savage allies lurked in ambush behind those very trees while they meditated their attack upon the fort.

In front of the house is a fountain, with gold fish in its basin, and at the wharf are lying boats for rowing and sailing over the lake. During our stay, we loved to walk on the clean sandy beach, and never ceased admiring the clearness of the water. It has an ideal purity, a sparkle as of something precious. The Indians called it Horicon, the Silver Water. While boating near the shore, we could see the bottom at a wonderful depth.

A member of our party, to whom all of us deferred as authority and guide, because he had gone over the same track a year ago, described his first view of Lake George at that time. It was much more impressive than ours. They traversed the lake in the steamboat, and approached the house as the sunset was glowing in the air and on the water, and the full moon throwing its witcheries over all the landscape. As they neared the shore, a band of musicians on the piazza struck up a martial air, and a cannon was fired, its echoes reverberating from rocky shore to shore with marvellous effect.

☞ Dickens has his thrust at the huge dry goods bales which women make of themselves now-a-days, in the last chapter of Little Dorrit. He speaks of "A Countess who was secluded somewhere in the core of an immense dress to which she was in the proportion of the heart to the overgrown cabbage."

☞ "When one is in Opposition," said the late Lord Bath, "it is very easy to know what to say; but when one is Minister it is difficult to know what *not* to say."

☞ Setting Him Right.—"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be mine arm if I desert 'em!" "You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

☞ "There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford little nourishment, but if they happen to go the wrong way they give a great deal of trouble."

☞ "Above all things, my son, avoid litigation, especially in small matters. If a man meets you in the street, and claims the coat you have upon your back, threatening to commence a suit of law for its recovery, strip it off and give it to him, lest, in defending the coat, you may lose your hat and breeches also."—*Chief-Justice Coyle's Advice to his Son.*

☞ It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house and orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants? each other's tempers, as well as each other's health? each other's comfort as well as each other's character?

NEWS ITEMS.

Brigham Young, the Mormon High Priest, is said to have issued the following order:—"The bishops in each ward throughout the territory are requested to see to it that every grain raiser permits the poor to glean his fields, unless he prefers to glean them himself, immediately after the grain is bound; and if any one will not reasonably and properly glean his fields, nor permit the poor to do so, let his bishop deal with him according to the law of Zion."

KANSAS.—A recent letter to the Syracuse Journal from a Northern emigrant, says that the Free State settlers still enter the Territory in large numbers, and that, of all the new comers into the Territory, four out of every five are Free State men. There continues to be a great excitement among the people, but it is generally conceded that the Free State men have the upper hand at present, and if sustained by the North, will continue to predominate.

Water has been discovered at Tamerna, near Bathna, in Africa, on the edge of the Southern Desert, after boring to a depth of about two hundred feet. This was the first well bored on the European plan; and as the place had always suffered dreadfully from drought, the natives, it is said, manifested "frantic joy" on seeing the water burst forth.

The passenger train on the railroad from Baltimore to Philadelphia, on Tuesday night the 5th inst., ran over a cow near Gray's Ferry, and the engine, baggage car, mail, and two passenger cars were thrown down an embankment and demolished. Several persons were badly wounded.

Lord Brownlow Cecil, second son of the Marquis of Exeter, has been cast in £1,375 damages for blotting out the date of a promissory note given by him.

Benjamin Leedom, a laborer, of Doylestown, Pa., while engaged with a mowing machine drawn by two horses, coming to a low place or gutter in the field, the heavy, sharp knives all the while being in active operation, had one arm and a leg taken off at a single cut! The arm was cut off just above the wrist, and the leg a short distance above the ankle. The unfortunate man, who lingered until next day, died in great agony.

COMBUSTION OF THE DIAMOND BY A NEW METHOD.—A new method of burning the diamond has been recently adopted by Mr. Lock, Lecturer on Chemistry at the Cincinnati Medical College. The diamond is placed in a jar of oxygen, and a jet of hydrogen is allowed to play upon it until heated to the proper temperature. Then the hydrogen is shut off and the diamond supports its own combustion, which sometimes continues ten or twelve minutes. The carbonic acid is removed by means of an air pump, and its identity with that from other sources is proved by the usual method.

General Wilson, in a recent speech at New Haven, declared that he received on an average six letters a day from anti-slavery men at the South; but who dare not let their sentiments be known to their neighbors.

A correspondent of the Independence Belge says: "Lamartine, after making great efforts to save the wreck of his shattered fortunes—efforts which have been feebly seconded by his countrymen—is about to assign all his property for the payment of his debts, and seek a home in the United States. The estate given to him several years ago by the Sultan, has been taken from him by the Turkish Government. It turned out to be one of those presents that bring ruin upon the recipients."

The Nightingale Fund, according to the seventh advertised list of subscriptions, amounts to upwards of £30,000.

A wedding took place at Cincinnati the other day, between a spiritual lecturer of dark complexion and mixed blood, by the name of Randolph, and a white woman—a young widow by the name of Brooks. It is said that he psychologized her, and thus having gained control over her will, caused her to consent to a marriage. They lived together some days, but she finally recovered her will, refused to remain with him, and went home to her friends.

DODGING THE LAW.—The Syracuse Standard tells of one of the Smith family in that city, who evaded the city ordinance against ringing dinner bells in the streets, to call passengers from the cars. By ringing a big bell inside of his saloon, while a boy stood at the door swinging a ponderous bell with no clapper. The dodge is a capital one, and would be extremely popular if adopted at our depot on the arrival of trains.

LYNCH LAW.—The citizens of Washington county, Arkansas, residing in the neighborhood of Dr. Boone, who was murdered some time since by his negroes, headed by the Doctor's son, went to Fayetteville, on Monday week, took two of the negroes out of jail and hung them. The negroes hung had been acquitted at a special term of the court—held last week by Judge Eatron for the purpose of trying them. One of the three charged with the murder was convicted, and is now under sentence. The crowd did not molest him.

WASHINGTON, August 11.—It is not true that Judge McLean has issued writs of habeas corpus in the cases of persons charged with treason in Kansas. The application was made to him, but was refused, on the ground of its not appearing on the face of the paper that their detention was without law, but, on the contrary, that the warrants against them were issued by a Court of competent jurisdiction.

ENTERPRISE AND SUCCESS.—"Six years ago," says the Norfolk (Va.) Argus, "a gentleman with a capital of $1,500, bought a farm in this county at $5,000. In four years he paid for the farm, with hired help, and bought $1,300 worth of land besides. He has recently sold out at $20,000, and the property is now worth $35 000."

CHEATING BY THE CLOCK.—Messrs. W. Seward and J. Wild, cotton manufacturers of Shuttleworth, England, were recently fined for employing thirty-eight young persons during a portion of the dinner hour. They made the poor creatures begin fourteen minutes too soon by the right time, arranging their own clock to suit.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.—Judge Crawford, of Washington City, who fined Mr. Brooks three hundred dollars for an assault which, in its personal consequences, is not unlikely to prove more deplorable than the instant death of the victim, has just sentenced a poor man to *one year's imprisonment* for an assault.

WE HAVE advices from Leavenworth to the 30th ult. Col. Lane and his company had not entered Kansas Territory. Gen. Smith threatens them with martial law if they do. The Territorial authorities were commencing to levy taxes, but both parties refused to pay, and trouble is apprehended.

THE GRAPE CROP OF OHIO.—Notwithstanding the croaking prognostications elicited by the severity of last winter, the prospect of a fine yield of grapes in the north of Ohio is better than usual. The Cleveland papers represent the Isabella vines as being full, and the promise of fruit, as well as of wine, very flattering.

FRENCH MANUFACTURES.—Professor Mapes says that nine-tenths of the olive oil in this country is manufactured in France from American lard oil. It is purified by sal soda, and is about equal to olive oil for the table or for other purposes. The French seem to be a good length ahead of us in all that relates to delicacies for the table. We have got plenty of sardines on our coasts, but it requires French hands to put them in boxes.

Not long since, several individuals arrived at New Bedford, Mass., as sailors on board of a whale ship. They belonged to some of the islands in the South Pacific, where human flesh is considered the best eating that can be procured. On being interrogated as to which they preferred for a dinner, an Englishman or a Frenchman, they spoke strongly in favor of the former, for the reason that he was "more juicy."

The body of Mr. Flint, who drowned himself at Newport, has been recovered. His legs were pinioned at the knees, and his hands tied together, and attached to a stone weighing about 75 pounds.—He had been married about six weeks to his third wife.

From Germany we hear of nothing but the Credit Mobilier mania, which must be observed with interest as the prelude to a vast commercial, and perhaps political crash. The intoxication is said at last to have got a foothold at Berlin, where the Government had rigidly excluded it.

We hear that a stock company, with sufficient cash capital already subscribed or guaranteed, will apply to the Legislature for a charter to authorize them to render the Illinois navigable, and to fix the rate of tolls on river craft at all seasons when the river would be otherwise unnavigable. A certain number of locks will require to be built, and in some places where the river is now the shallowest, and at the same time the widest, nice dams, like that on the Hudson river at the "Overslaugh," directing the body of water through a narrower, and consequently deeper channel, will remedy the difficulty.—*Lasalle Press.*

In a case of bigamy that came up before

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"Our First Landing in Japan."

I concluded my last letter while the American pioneers, the Russian officer, the Japanese, and we, the officers of the Old John, were still seated around our long mess-table, listening to the Russian, as he continued as to the rascality of the Japanese, &c.

These latter had no sooner drank as much as they could well carry sail to, than they took their departure, amidst most energetic demonstrations of regard and friendship, telling us as they went over the side, that the Governor had given us permission to go on shore for a little while, but that we must not ramble far; a piece of information that so annoyed the Captain, that he called the whole party back to hear a few impromptu remarks, the result of said annoyance.

"Tell the Governor," he said to Ta-cho-nos-kee, the interpreter, "that some months back, Commodore Perry made a treaty with your country, and that we have a copy of it on board. Now that treaty already grants us all we ask, and though we fully appreciate the politeness of the Governor in noticing our arrival, still we cannot look to him to regulate our movements. We both have the treaty to guide us, and that is all that is necessary. In accordance with that treaty, I and my officers will go on shore whenever it suits us."

Ta-cho-nos-kee understood enough of this very proper speech to show him that we were conscious of our rights, and determined to have them accorded us as a matter of course, but whether it ever reached the ears of the Governor it is hard to say. That same evening we hoisted our umbrellas, and started through the mist-like rain that had prevailed ever since our arrival, to take our first look at these singular people, and return the visit of our residents of the temple.

The first thing that struck us, upon landing, was the great number of pretty girls that presented themselves. They seemed, too, quite anxious to see us, coming out of their houses, and lining our path with their fancifully-painted umbrellas overhead, and their awkward, stilt-like sandals under foot. There was considerable pertness, too, as well as curiosity in their glances, but as a general rule their bearing was marked by anything but boldness. The people of this particular locality had seen so much of our countrymen, and apparently formed so favorable an idea of them during the two visits of Commodore Perry, that they now viewed us without fear; indeed, to have heard (and seen) their questions, one would have imagined that the majority of them had been personally acquainted with the worthy Commodore. They would pronounce his name quite plainly, (Comdo Pelly,) and ask us, by signs if we had ever seen him, giving us to understand, in return, that they regarded him as a very powerful personage. Even the little children had now become reconciled to us, (through association with members of his squadron, we inferred,) and evinced the utmost confidence in approaching us. They would collect from all directions, as we passed, hold out their hands, with the salutation, "How do you do?" or, "Ohio!" and if noticed by a good-natured shake, would retire among their less adventurous companions with the steps of young heroes. They also, in many cases, evinced the utmost eagerness to pick up a few words of our language.

One little fellow I remember in particular, who learned to count as high as ten in as many minutes, and the next day I found him on the sandy beach with a sharp stick with which he was tracing 1, 2, 3, &c., as readily and accurately as many thick-headed school boys after a month of daily drubbings. He held in his left hand a slip of paper on which I had written him the numbers on the previous evening, and recognising me as soon as I approached, made signs that he had no longer any use for those, and wanted me to put down some more. I looked at his childish frame and bright sparkling eyes, and began to conceive a high idea of Japanese brains. It is needless to add that myself and friend seated ourselves on a piece of ship timber, and wrote him down the numbers ad infinitum, which he had no sooner received (the lead-pencil being added to his lively joy) than he commenced counting on his fingers as high as each number, when as we bent our heads in assent, he put the Japanese character opposite to each, and the whole being translated in that way, he smoothed off a place on the beach, and went to work with his sharp stick and a will that caused me to look back to my own truant-playing days and blush. But I commenced this letter by going on shore to pay a visit.

A walk of some ten or fifteen minutes through the two rows of houses that lined the beach, brought us quite unexpectedly in front of a large wooden structure to which several of the crowd that followed us pointed with the explanatory exclamation of "roos!" "roos!" which we took to imply that it was the quarters of the Russians, and that it would be but polite in us to stop in and pay them a visit. As we had gone on shore for that purpose, we took their advice and turned at right angles into the broad and shady avenue, which, after a length of some fifty or sixty yards, terminated at the foot of a massive flight of stone-steps, at the top of which was an equally massive looking portal, guarded on either hand by an unknown monster of frightful exterior, carved out of wood and most fancifully painted.

We passed between these fierce-looking unknowns, and entered upon a square and level space of something like an acre in extent, and from the back of which the thickly wooded hill-side arose, while in the centre was built the temple. Between this latter and the hill-side, in fact extending up into the bushes, was a Japanese grave-yard, a most singular looking grave-yard to stranger eyes, and yet incapable of being mistaken for anything else.

It was laid out in walks and beds something after the fashion of a flower-garden, and contained thousands and thousands of small stone images that varied in size from six inches to two or three feet. These were arranged about in spots without much regard to the beauty of effect, being piled together like so many bricks, or scattered about in the most convenient corners and crevices. Some I even saw stuck up in the spreading branches of the trees, and others again that having been put at the foot of a tree between two roots, the latter had grown around them and rendered their removal no longer possible. We were given to understand by one Japanese, that these images contained the ashes of defunct officers; and by another, that they were intended simply as tombstones to mark where the ashes had been laid. And this latter authority I rather incline to, though it is dangerous to believe anything that a two-sworded Japanese tells you.

As we entered upon the cleanly swept space in front of the temple and looked around us, we saw a dozen or more of these two-sworded gentry lounging about the yard, while a number of others were engaged with their pipes in the spy house. These latter were the superiors, who in that dreamy state of enjoyment awaited the frequent reports that were brought to them by the former in regard to every movement of the occupants of the temple. These informers no sooner saw us all inside of the gate, than they made a note of our number with their paint-brush-like pencils, and as we were received on the steps of the temple by the Americans and him who "had never before seen such fine sailor-men," we saw them sink upon their knees and hand their slips of paper to the lazy smokers of the spy-house.

"You see they have counted you already," said one of our hosts as he welcomed us to the immense mansion; "and when you go away the same thing will be done over again. From the moment that you enter their ports they station boats to watch your ships. When you leave your ships you are followed and watched. When you land, you are followed; and when you return on board you are again counted to see that none are left on shore. If a less number return than landed, a search is at once got underway, and the missing ones are always found. We sometimes amuse ourselves by passing like the Frenchman's cat 'incessantly in and outs of ze catbole' (a gate in our case.) Thus causing these sentries to keep up a perfect stream of reports. They couldn't understand it at first, but after a while smelt a rat, and contented themselves with reporting only about every ten minutes. The children used to baffle them considerably also, for in their childish sports they would often get beyond the grounds of the temple and mix with the Japanese of their own age, much to the annoyance of the officers."

By this time we were seated in a large and spacious room, one of whose windows* looked out upon several fresh looking monuments that lifted themselves from a slight elevation on our left, while the others opened into the grand hall of the temple.

"Well it is singular!" exclaimed one of the party as he gazed through the former upon the civilized looking monuments. "Look here at these granite monuments, with their emblems chiselled upon them, and the fellow's history cut in, exactly where with us would be put 'Sacred to the memory,' &c. They look exactly like monuments you would see in any Christian grave-yard. I thought the Japanese burned their dead and stowed the ashes away in jars?"

"So they do, as a general rule," remarked the Russian. "But these are not Japanese monuments that you see there. Four of Commodore Perry's men, and one of his officers, are buried under them. The monuments themselves were made by Japanese, from drawings by Americans."

"Do you remember what the name of the officer was?" asked an interested voice.

No one knew better than we did ourselves, still it might have been another; but it was the same.

I looked back to the jovial mess room of the John P. Kennedy, (only two short years,) and as my eye rested on the glorious hearts that beat around her table, as we made sail from the port of New York upon our perilous cruise, I felt it dim and moisten over the memory of more than one of those now pulseless hearts.

Hardships and disease, combined with the destroying breath of the uncurbed typhoon, had even then sadly thinned our ranks. One slept his noiseless sleep among the unknown depths of the coral sea, and now another with his lasting monument towering over the Buddhist images, proclaimed on its face a strange truth to be seen in that infidel land.

* The windows in Japan are a most ingenious affair—having no glass, they are forced to use a very strong and semi-transparent bamboo paper, which they stretch over the frames very tightly, and then paste down. These frames are just like ours, only the surface of the cross pieces are flat, to enable the paper to stick. They work back and forth in the side of a house like folding doors, and give more light than one would imagine. They are so strong that I have snapped my finger against the centre of the (paper) pane with all my strength, and had it rebound from it as from a tightly seared drum-head.]

THE LITTLE MONSTER IN YOUR SUGAR.—The sugar acarus approaches somewhat, in organization and habits, to the louse and the itch-insect itself, which are also included in the genus *Acarus*. The sugar mite is in size so considerable, that it is plainly visible to the unaided sight. When present in sugar it may be detected by the following proceeding: Two or three spoonsful of sugar should be dissolved in a large wine-glass of tepid water, and the solution allowed to remain at rest for an hour or so: at the end of that time the animalcules will be found, some on the surface of the liquid, some adhering to the sides of the glass, and others at the bottom, mixed up with the dark and copious sediment. The body is oval, or rather somewhat ovate, being broader behind than before. From its posterior part proceed four long and stiff bristles, two together on each side, and some eight or ten smaller ones are arranged nearly at equal distances around the circumference of the body; from its anterior part a proboscus of complex organization proceeds, and from its inferior surface eight legs, joined and furnished with spines or hairs at each articulation: the spine, which issues from the last joint but one of each leg, is very long, and extends much beyond the termination of the leg itself. Lastly, each leg is armed at the extremity with a formidable hook. The *acarus sacchari* clings to life with great tenacity, for warm water does not always kill it. Hence, those who sweeten their drinks with brown sugar must swallow several of these disgusting insects in a living state, for the heat of the beverage is not sufficient to destroy them. For the consolation of our readers, we are happy to announce that this insect is never found in purified *i. e.* lump sugar. It owes its existence and nutriment to the albumen, which, as we said before, is always present in inferior sugars. It is well known that grocers are subject to an affection of the skin, denominated, "grocer's itch," of which one of the symptoms is extreme irritation and itching. To this disease all grocers are not equally liable, but those particularly who are engaged in the "handling" of sugars, as the warehousemen. Now the *acarus sacchari* belongs to the same genus as the *acarus scabiei*, or itch-insect, than which it is larger, and possessed of an organization still more formidable and forbidding.—*English paper.*

DIET OF THE SWEDES.—The art of cookery in Sweden, as a national one, is not in a very advanced state, but the manner in which they dress game, though very unlike our own, is preferable. The flesh is first perforated, and little bits of lard inserted, and the birds are served in a quantity of white sauce, having quite a different appearance to our half-roasted game. All that is implied by roasting is of course done in ovens; and *ren stek*, or roasted reindeer, is served in the same manner with sauce. There are, indeed, three descriptions of cookery clearly observable here—French, German, and purely Swedish. Some of the purely national dishes, as lut-fisk on Christmas-eve, are most extraordinary things, lut-fisk being the stock-fish steeped in solution of potash, until in fact decomposition takes place. On Christmas-eve, the great evening of Sweden, this thing is boiled and eaten with oil sauce; and this, together with grot, which is simply boiled rice, form the Christmas dishes of Sweden, just as roast beef and plum-pudding do of England. The smell of the lut-fisk is terrific, but a true Swede clings to his national dish on Jul-afton as much as any beef-eating Englishman does to his. The poor often substitute boiled corn for rice; and at all times rye porridge made in milk, not water, is their common food. The number of meals might seem to make amends for their quality; fish is almost the staple of food; quantities are salted in the autumn, and even in winter fish are taken in a most ingenious manner from under ice. You see holes cut at certain distances, and a man seated on a stool at the farthest on each side. The man you are looking at appears to be sitting idly on the ice, but suddenly he puts his hand into the small opening cut in it, and pulls out a bright-colored little fish, and then another and another, throwing them on the frozen lake, where they jump about, displaying their colors, poor things, to advantage, and suffering cruelly.—*Selina Bunbury.*

THE RIVER WHAT.—The mode of naming rivers, mountains, towns, &c., is sometimes curious. For instance, there is a pleasant stream in New Hampshire which received its name in the following manner: A few gentlemen were exploring the interior of the State, when they encountered a stream.—"Let us name this river," says one. "Well, we'll call it—what?" queried another. "Yes," said the first, "call it *What*,"—and from that day to this, it is called the "River What."

☞ A stranger is received according to his dress, and taken leave of according to his merit.

SEAL OF THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

PROTESTATIONS.

If the apple grows
On the apple tree,
And the wild wind blows
On the wild wood free;
And the deep stream flows
To the deeper sea;
And they cannot help growing,
And blowing, and flowing,
I cannot help loving thee.

Yet if wild winds blew
Never more on the lea;
And no blossoms grew
On the healthy tree;
And the river narrow
Escaped from the sea;
And they all had ceased blowing,
And growing, and flowing;
I'd ne'er cease loving thee.

And till that hour,
In the day or night;
In the field or bower,
In the dark or bright;
In the fruit or the flower;
In the bloom or blight;
In my reaping or sowing,
My coming or going,
I'll ne'er cease loving thee.

CHARLES MACKAY.

GERMAN FAIRY TALES.

THE FAIRY COBBLERS.

A curious class of fairies, called the "Wichtelmannen," follow the humble occupation of shoemakers. Once upon a time, a cobbler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make a single pair of shoes. He cut them into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly to bed. When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect masterpiece. This pair of shoes was sold so well, that the cobbler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pairs. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning, to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on day after day, until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it.

One evening, not long before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife, "What think you of waiting up to-night, to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes, and kept a sharp look-out. At midnight, two neat, naked little fellows sat down at the table, and began to sew and to hammer with such speed, that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them. When all was finished, they ran away.

Next morning, the good wife said: "The little men have made us rich, let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked, and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats and breeches for them."

At night, instead of the regular working materials, they laid the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the clothes with delight. They put them on with the greatest liveliness, singing—

"Are we not dandies, spruce and fine?
Why should we remain in the cobbler line?"

They danced and hopped about, almost out of their little senses with joy. At last, they danced themselves out of the house; but they never came back again. All things, however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of his life.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.

The Duke Gottfried of Brabant died without leaving any male heirs; but he had declared in his will that his property should descend to his duchess and their daughter. Nevertheless, Gottfried's brother, the powerful Duke of Saxony, despite all the complaints of the widow and her child, took possession of the property, which, according to a German law then existing, no woman could inherit.

The Duchess resolved to go to the King; and when Charles came to the Netherlands, and stayed one day at Neumagen on the Rhine, she went thither with her daughter, and demanded justice. The Duke of Saxony also made his appearance, to speak on his own account. It so happened, that, as the King was looking out of the window, he saw a beautiful swan swimming down the Rhine, and drawing a boat, which was attached to its neck by a silver chain. In the boat a Knight reposed, with his shield under his head for a pillow, and beside him lay his helmet and breastplate. The swan steered her course like a skilful pilot, and brought her little boat to the bank of the river. The Knight awoke, and stepped lightly out of the boat; and Charles, greatly astonished, conveyed him to the Palace. Then said the young hero, "Go your way, beloved swan; when I have need of you, I will call you again." The swan moved away with the boat, and was soon out of sight.

The Duchess of Brabant and her lovely daughter began to raise their complaint to the King, and the Duke of Saxony to plead his own cause. At last, the Duke offered to fight for his rights, and begged the Duchess to select a champion to defend her own. The Knight whom the swan had brought to the castle, declared himself ready to do battle for the Duchess. After a long struggle, the victory was pronounced to be on the side of the Knight of the Swan. The hero accepted the proffered hand of the daughter, on condition that she should never ask whence he had come, and what was his race; for if she violated this bargain, she should lose him.

They had two children; and the young lady began to think it hard that she knew nothing of her husband; and so she ventured to ask the forbidden question. The Knight, greatly grieved, said,—"Now you have destroyed our happiness, and you see me for the last time." He armed himself, and the swan came with the same little boat, whereupon he kissed his children, took farewell of his wife, and blessed the whole people. He then stepped into the boat, sailed away, and never returned. His wife was in great distress, but she paid much attention to the education of her children. From these children sprang many noble families, all of whom have the swan on their arms to this day.

☞ Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. We saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee mill, the other day, and in less than two minutes it was occupying a place in a grocery window, labelled "Old Government Java."

FULL-DRESS.

[The following article we take from the *Family Herald*, an English periodical. It was doubtless suggested by the late Chelsea Difficulty, and is more sensible than the generality of English essays upon the subject:]

All habits and customs can be viewed in a ridiculous light; and though some are certainly more ridiculous than others, it would be difficult to invent one that could meet with defiance the shafts of wit and satire. But perhaps they all have a meaning. Before the time of the French Revolution all the *beau monde* of civilised Christendom had taken to the wearing of white hair. In those days it mattered not whether your natural hair was black, brown, red, or yellow; the powder-bag transformed it into white; and old, young, and middle-aged, all alike prided themselves in their silver locks. That was the old age of aristocratical and exclusive times; that world was coming to a close. It was a hoary-headed sinner, and the prevailing fashion symbolised its coming decease. The French Revolution introduced a new age, the advent of popular influence; and the young era, with great propriety, abandoned the white hair and wore the hair of youth. Our *courtiers*, however, though they cast off the powder, still preserved the powder-bag, which well betokens the lingering attachment of old England to the olden times, which the young nations of continental Europe had too violently and hastily abandoned.

In those days the court dress of Europe was not an anachronism as it is in England at present. Nobles and gentles were all swordsmen; they walked the streets with swords at their sides; therefore their appearance at court, or in a full-dress circle, was at least in character. But now, when swords are entirely laid aside as an article of mere dress, and when even officers of the army wear in the streets, and at evening parties, the plain dress of gentlemen unarmed, it seems out of character with the spirit of the age to wear a sword at an assemblage of courtiers, where of all occasions it is least required. The custom is a relic of times that are past, and is quite as ridiculous and improper as the powder-bag of the wig, without the wig or the powder. Moreover a sword is unsuitable for the society of ladies, whose character is averse to the use of such instruments of offence and violence, and whose presence even forbids their use by the other sex. It is but a poor symbol of courage to carry a sword when and where it cannot even be used; and when it is worn by men who know not the use of it, who cannot even without awkwardness draw it from its sheath, or walk with it without stumbling, and sometimes even falling, it is nothing more than a caricature of the arms of a gentleman. Yet this sword is a part of the court dress; it is like the crest or the coat of arms in which gentlemen pride themselves, and which cotton lords, grocers, and stock-brokers, get engraved upon seals and pencil cases, and silver teaspoons, as soon as they have realised a comfortable independence and can afford to display a ring upon their fingers. It typifies the spirit of the times we live in, in which men are willing to appear or seem to be what they really are not, to pass for tall men by wearing stilts, and a petticoat to hide them, if by so doing they can gain a little consequence.

When an American citizen condemns this juvenile vanity, he does well, and we support him in so doing; but it is only upon condition that he do not set up a corresponding absurdity. We think that the American Government did right in requesting permission of other governments to let the representatives of the Republican citizens appear at Court in the simple attire of gentlemen, without the sham costume of past ages—ages which the American revolution formerly ignored in their new democratic institutions; and we believe that the Courts of Europe willingly acquiesced. At least the Court of St. James' did, and American Ambassadors are now entitled to appear in the simple evening dress of a gentleman, a dress which Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of peace, preferred to all others at his own court. But that dress is a well-known and established style of dress, at least until the fashion changes. Who leads the fashion we know not, and nobody knows; but somehow or other a fashion comes in and remains in for a generation or two, and everybody must obey it. For instance, no gentleman, invited to dine with a family where anything like style is observed, would ever appear in colored trowsers, or even in a colored coat. Black is the uniform of the gentleman at present throughout the whole fashionable world, not in England only, but on the continent also. Moreover the coat must be of a particular cut, not a surtout. It must be what is called a dress-coat, which is merely a common coat, a coat without front skirts. Even at the opera they will refuse you admittance in a surtout. It is a common joke amongst young men that they sometimes deceive the vigilant eye of the Argus at the door by pinning up the skirts of their surtouts; and the doorkeeper, even if he perceives it, willingly winks at it, or smiles, for he has no delight in kicking up a dust, and is very glad of an excuse for holding his tongue. But if there was no rule for dress he would be obliged to exercise his judgment, and thus he would bear all the responsibility, and might be knocked down at the door for giving his opinion. As it is, he incurs no blame, he merely obeys a formula, which, if not a good test of character, is at least a means of preserving appearances, which are as much as can be accomplished. A surtout is as good as a dress-coat. Indeed many regard it as more becoming, and it is very possible that some few years hence it will become the dress-coat, and then the other coat will be unbecoming; but it requires authority to introduce it, and must probably that authority would require to emanate from the seat and centre of European fashion. No individual of small name and authority has a right to innovate, or even attempt to do it. He may do as he pleases in his own homely circle of friends; but if he receives a card of invitation in London to a fashionable *soiree*, and if on the card is written, "evening dress," it would be an act of rudeness on his part to go in a surtout and white duck or colored trowsers. Most probably the livery servant at the door would refuse him admittance, telling him to come again to-morrow morning, as his master was engaged with company. His taste is at liberty in the choice of his waistcoat.

Moreover it matters little or nothing about the quality of the coat, or the age of it. A threadbare coat will do, if the rest is right. We remember once observing a gentleman in an evening dress at a soiree who looked somewhat remarkable behind. He had on one of the old-fashioned short-waisted coats that were in vogue some twenty or thirty years ago, and the sleeves were short and tight. Being familiar with him, we made some remarks on the novelty of the cut; he laughed and said, "that coat is twelve (now twenty) years old, but I am rather proud of it, for it was made by Stultz; the cloth is excellent, and though rather seedy, it looks like the coat of a man of some standing, for I don't think that even at the old clothes shop you could find a coat of such venerable and respectable antiquity; you might in the wardrobes of some of the minor theatres, where such a thing is sometimes wanted for the cunning dodger, and men of his class; but if they should take me for the manager of a theatre, such men pass for gentlemen now-a-days. Only think that a new surtout made by Stultz himself would have been considered far less respectable to the house and the company than the old coat!"

In paying a morning visit, which in the fashionable world means any time before dinner, you dress as you please. Ladies go with their bonnets on, and keep them on, and gentlemen wear surtouts, and greys, blue, red, or white trowsers, as they feel disposed, and they may wear an evening dress if they please, for that is always respectable, and *apropos* for men, though not for ladies. We do not know how far individual taste would be tolerated in morning attire. We think a man may indulge his own fancy in this respect, so far as his own moral courage will permit him to go. There is only the ennui of wonder and surprise, the hauter and ridicule of others, to check and restrain him. No servant would be authorized to refuse him admittance, because there is no rule. He may dress as Oliver Goldsmith himself dressed, in a red coat, and buttons as large as a half crown, and he may wear knee breeches and shoe buckles, a cocked hat, and a powdered wig, with a bag of powder attached to it. He would create a little excitement and amusement, but we do not suppose that the door would be slammed in his face anywhere before dinner, though in the evening he might be taken for the beadle of the parish, and told to call again. The morning is unceremonious; the ritual of society is reserved for the evening, unless it be at the Queen's *levees*, which are morning receptions, and then all the etiquette of the court is observed, as there are no other great receptions given by the sovereign except morning ones.

It is an open question, and an interesting one, whether it might not be better to leave dress to individual discretion than to prescribe a rule; but we really have both modes; for in morning or usual attire every man follows his own taste or may follow it; the rule applies only to certain occasions. Moreover, we find that all the eccentricities and absurdities of dress appear in the departure from the established rule. If this deviation were more indulged in than it is, we know not to what excesses many people might go; the rule preserves an appearance of sanity and good taste amongst many, who, if left to their own judgment, would assuredly make themselves ridiculous. Besides, the tendency to fashion, or law in dress, is natural. It cannot be prevented; no imperial edict could give the liberty that is wanted. It has been supposed that aristocratic tastes and fashions are artificial, but it is not so. Even in the American republic, which abandoned heraldry as a vanity, we see the same pride of coat armor as in old Europe. "Observe the equipages in Broadway" (New York) says Mr. Weld, in his "Vacation Tour Through the States." "The majority bear coats of arms, strange devices for the most part, which would send *garter, rouge*, and *dragon* into fits; but they have their meaning. They show that wealth will not and cannot be satisfied with the mere accumulation of dollars." Even seventy years ago Americans were lashed by Franklin and Jefferson for their desire to establish an order of hereditary knighthood, called the Order of Cincinnati; yet this same Benjamin Franklin, the printer and republican statesman, prided himself in his own family arms, and there are extant letters of his to notables in Europe, which letters are sealed with his arms, the crest a *fish's head in pale, or erased gules, between two sprigs vert*, identical with that of the Lincolnshire Franklins. He prided himself in his ancestry, as men very naturally do if there is anything to be proud of, and he was gratified to think that his name was formerly borne by people of substance in England. You may vary the form and character of pride, but in so far as it is a natural passion it cannot be suppressed, and it is precisely the same naturally in a republic as in a monarchy.

By what rule, motive, or purpose, the world is guided in the adoption of modes of dress we cannot tell; but certain it is that there is a singular agreement observable both in respect to dress and behavior. The law of fashion is perhaps the most universal of all the laws of society. How very rapidly the cut of a lady's bonnet flies from one end of the world to the other! Go into the remotest districts of Scotland or Ireland, amongst the poorest hovels, where a newspaper never finds its way, and where the great world is totally unknown, and there you will see the very same kind of bonnet worn by young girls that they wear in Regent street, London. Men are not so universal and so imitative in this respect as women are, or they would find the same facilities as women find for telegraphing the news. But a rustic young man and woman, going to the nearest market town together, go for different purposes, and bring away very different species of tidings. One hears the market prices of grain and cattle, and fills his memory with them, and cares but little for the hats and coats; the other observes the bonnets, the shawls, the dresses, and the ribbons, and the style of wearing them. She telegraphs the female fashions, which thus go by electricity from the capital to the extremities with great rapidity, whilst the male fashions remain almost stationary from one generation to another. Youth also carries with greater rapidity than age; and thus whilst female fashions travel quicker than male fashions, young female fashions are quicker than old female fashions, which have a tendency to become stationary, and even to retrograde in the mother or the grandmother period of life. Some common principle or feeling in human nature causes this, and accounts for it, and also accounts for city life being more subject to fashionable rules than rustic life is, for it is more open to criticism. But this very criticism to which city life is exposed, naturally corrects its faults and refines it, whilst rustic habits are merely the simple habits of individuals as nature prompts them, not modified by rivalry or by that experience and observation by which men who have seen much of the world learn to appropriate style and manner of a superior character. Superiority of style in dress and manner, like superiority of style in art, is perceived and appreciated even by those who have not the genius to originate either, but who are content to imitate rather than run the risk of unsuccessful competition; and thus it is that men and women of even inferior character, but fine person and style, and whose reputation chiefly rests on their personal appearance and their *air distingue*, will take the lead even of royalty itself in giving a direction to the cuts and the modes and the etiquette of fashion. Royalty is seldom sovereign in this respect, but it requires the air and society of a court or its neighborhood to rear an authority of this description in the fashionable world. It is scarcely possible for a republic to bring forth such a fop as our late Beau Brummell, or even Count D'Orsay. There is such a natural tendency in republics to rustic taste, and rude mannerism in behavior, that when the late revolution took place in Paris the workman's cap and blouse became paramount immediately, and gentlemen were content to move about and pass as *survivors* in all the public places. The pistols, however, made their appearance also, and having laid aside the old refinements of social intercourse, men were compelled to resort to violent means of maintaining their personal dignity. Fashion is a substitute for this violence, and once established, and respectfully observed, it will render the use of violence for ever unnecessary in social life.

And it is because woman takes the lead in it that it has this peaceful influence; woman is more fashionably inclined than man, more disposed to abide by the rules of etiquette or moral government, and wherever she unites with man in governing, there the government is naturally peaceful and courteous. Hence fashion is more peaceful than politics, for politics is male and carries a sword; fashion does not, or should not, and therefore it is quite an incongruity to wear a sword in fashionable meetings of both sexes, as at court levees and drawing-rooms—an incongruity which we heartily condemn, preferring the American taste of the simple, peaceful attire of ladies and gentlemen, but still opposed to the Revolutionary abuse of individual eccentricity, or the dangerous and the barbarous habit of wearing concealed weapons, purposely worn for violence when provoked.

FIVE WORDS IN SEASON.—About two centuries and a half ago, the Legislature of Scotland enacted that "*a good and sufficient school*" shall be erected and maintained in every parish. To these five words, "a good and sufficient school," introduced into an act of Parliament, not larger than a man's thumb, is Scotland indebted at this day for nearly every solid glory she possesses.

HISTORICAL INCIDENT.—The Cummings were among the greatest and bravest of all the Highland clans; and King Robert Bruce, who wished to exterminate them, created Randolph, his own nephew, Earl of Moray, and being in a generous mood, granted him this estate. Old Cumming, of Dunphail, not seeing the eligibility of that arrangement, resisted the transfer, and sustained a long siege within this castle. Meantime, his son, Alister Bane, a young man of extraordinary enterprise and courage, preserved the famishing garrison alive, by seizing opportunities occasionally to throw in sacks of oatmeal across a deep fissure in the rocks. The enemy vainly endeavored to detect the place of his concealment, until they brought a blood-hound to the spot, which tracked him through the woods. Here we traced every step of the ravine ourself, till we reached the fatal cave where he was overtaken, the entrance being no larger than that of a dog-kennel, and there his enemies lighted a fire that he might be smoked to death. The young hero, seeing his fate inevitable, attempted to come forth, saying: "Let me out to die like a Cumming, sword in hand!" But Lord Randolph cruelly thrust him back, and replied: "No, die like a wolf as you are!" The head of Alister Bane was cut off, and carried to a rock opposite, where old Cumming stood, expecting the arrival of his son with provisions, and there the enemy threw it at his feet, calling out, in an insulting tone,—"Here's beef for your bannocks!" The wretched father recognized his son, and exclaimed, in an agony of rage and grief: "[This is a bone you shall rue!]" Discouraged, however, and subdued by so frightful a calamity, the old man struggled no longer, but yielded to his fate, and was put to death, with his forty faithful clansmen. Their heads were stuck up *in terrorem* at Elgin, and their mutilated bodies thrust into a cairn near the spot where they fell, which was shown ever afterwards as "the tomb of the headless Cummings."

"DON'T BUY THOSE HORSES."—The French people are unlike other civilized beings; they turn murder into poetry, and ruin into theatrical proverbs. A fast man of Paris was recently sold out, he having rendered himself bankrupt by indulging in excesses. At the sale was a youth who had just come into the possession of a fortune. He was about to bid for the ruined dandy's favorite pair of horses, when their proprietor said to him—"Don't buy those horses. The first thing you will know, you will find them carrying you to a fine house near the Madeline, where Mdlle. Julie lives; her youth, beauty, talents, fascinations, are adorned by splendid apartments, and you can't resist her; her acquaintance cost me a hundred thousand francs. They will carry you to suppers, where the dessert is cards; they cost me three hundred thousand francs. They will carry you to the back door of the theatres, to the 'slips' staircase of the opera, to the jockey club, to the race field, to actresses' balls, to the fashionable shops—and your million will melt there as rapidly as mine. Heed me! I purchased my experience dearly; had any one warned me, as I warn you, when ten years ago, I, then at your age, with your illusions and your ambition, stood where you stand, and bought the establishment of poor De Retz, who shot himself to escape his creditors, I should have some better prospect before me than to retire to a remote country village and live on three thousand francs a year, given me by an old aunt." The young man ceased to bid.

ECONOMICAL LIVING.—I find people living here in the most simple, sensible way, such as we Americans ought to learn. A true gentleman and a man of the world, with his suite of three or four rooms in the third story of a large house, entertaining distinguished company without carpets, or anything more than one joint of meat at table—is there not good sense in that? The incomes are small and rents high, and people economize in room and things of display, and use their money for real pleasures. The fact is, we Americans do not understand how to *enjoy life*. And I believe, with all our talk against "Fifth Avenue," &c., it is our *mechanics* who are the most extravagant class. I believe they spend more, and get less in return, in proportion to their means, than any other class.—These excursions, and secret societies, and fire companies, and grand dresses for their wives and daughters, take off a great part of the surplus earnings, so that when a tight time comes, the mechanic feels it excessively. It would make any of us ashamed of his extravagance to go among these Danes; to see a gentleman and lady of refinement and education, living and showing hospitality in rooms which a first class carpenter would be ashamed of in New York.—*Letter from Copenhagen, Denmark, in the Sun, from C. L. Brace.*

RUSKIN ON RULES OF COLORING.—And this is the reason for the somewhat singular, but very palpable truth, that the Chinese, and Indians, and other semi-civilized nations, can color better than we do, and that an Indian shawl and China vase are still, in invention of color, inimitable by us. It is their glorious ignorance of all rules that does it; the pure and true instincts have play, and do their work—instincts so subtle, that the least working or compression breaks or blunts them; and the moment we begin to teach people any rules about color, and make them do this or that, we crush the instinct generally forever. Hence, hitherto, it has been an actual necessity, in order to obtain power of coloring, that a nation should be half-savage: everybody could color in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but we were ruled and legalized into gray in the fifteenth—only a little salt simplicity of their sea natures at Venice still keeping their precious, shell-fishy purpleness and power; and now that is gone; and nobody can color anywhere, except the Hindoos and Chinese; but that need not be so, and will not be so long; for in a little while, people will find out their mistake, and give up talking about rules of color, and then everybody will color again, as easily as they now talk.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.—A letter from a gentleman employed on the Alexandria and Cairo Railway, says:—"We have all the pilgrims going to Mecca pass over the railway, and we are obliged to give them a special train. They come down in bands of six hundred at a time, and take possession of station and carriages, and nothing will satisfy them until they are taken away on their journey. The other day we rather astonished them. We got intelligence by electric telegraph that these pilgrims had thrown a Christian out of the carriage forty miles down. So we made our preparations, and as soon as the train arrived we tied all the carriageful with ropes, and walked them off to prison. They could not make out how we got our information."

DISEASE IN WASHERWOMEN.—I am a gardener and my wife takes in washing. She used to be a strong, bustling, active body, with no fault to speak of except a pain in her temper now and then. Well, she has been ailing for five or six years, and every day gets worse, temper included. Besides, she has got a great lump in her side. This has been coming on ever since she left off soap and took to using some stuff to make linen white without trouble. The doctor says that the stuff is slow poison, and will kill her in time. Do any of your numerous readers know whether it is the stuff or not? They say it is some vegetable; but I don't think so, for I never did smell any vegetable like it.—*Correspondent of London Gardener's Chronicle.*

INTOLERANCE.—Robert Southey, the "Epic Poet," was a thorough-going Protestant. In one of his letters published since his death, he says: "No child of mine should ever visit a Catholic family. You may go to Heaven that way certainly, but there is no more reason for doing it, than there would be for going to London in a dirt-cart, when there are so many easier, cleanlier and surer conveyances."

Life in Paris.

A Rumor—What's to be Done?—Fortifications Superseded—An Old Secret Discovered—European Disquiet—A New Reformer—An Enlightened Municipality—The English Malady—An American Novelty—Leipsic Fairs—High Tides in Brussels—A Narrow Escape.

Paris, July 24, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

In my last letter I mentioned the Emperor's being at Plombieres, where he is drinking the waters, according to the Moniteur, with great benefit to his health. Notwithstanding these official assurances, the rumor is general in this city, that the Emperor is affected, not with rheumatism, as has been given out, but with a softening of the brain, which is becoming worse, and threatens both his reason and his life. It is asserted that he has had repeated attacks of madness; and the haste with which the nomination of the Empress to the Regency in case of "the minority of the sovereign," is supposed to have been prompted by this state of the Emperor's health. I mention this rumor as reposing on private letters received here from Plombieres, and as being whispered extensively through Paris; but without venturing an opinion as to its authority.

Meantime the Moniteur publishes a long and very readable letter, purporting to be written by the Emperor,—but which may, or may not have been written by him—and addressed to the Minister of Public Works, in which the writer enters at length upon the subject of the inundations which have caused such frightful ravages here, and expresses his desire that all the persons competent to propose a remedy, should be consulted without delay upon the course most likely to avoid a recurrence of these disasters.

The enormous mischief done by the late floods, the amount of which cannot be known for some time to come (for more houses and bridges are giving way daily) will no doubt really compel the adoption of some guarantee against their recurrence.

Less interesting, as well as very much less useful is the absurd project of erecting a grand monument to the Emperor and the army in commemoration of their deeds in the late war, now before the Senate. The troops, meantime, are returning so rapidly from the East, that in a few weeks there will be no French soldiers left in Turkey.

A new method of building iron war-steamers, attributed to the Emperor, is now under examination at the War-Office. Ships so constructed will be, it is said, utterly insensible to the action of any projectile yet discovered, and could front fortifications of any strength with perfect impunity, carrying the new form of cannon into the enemy's ports, smashing the strongest walls, and standing out to sea again in perfect safety as soon as their task of destruction was accomplished. Moreover, a late number of the Ausland has a communication from M. Lauderer, who states that he has succeeded in manufacturing a composition of naptha, potassium, pitch and gum benzoin, which burns when brought into contact with water. This mixture is equally inflammable in the solid and in the liquid state, and sets fire to other inflammable objects with which it comes into contact. M. Lauderer considers that his invention must be very similar to the famous Greek fire of Byzantine chemistry, if it be not, indeed, identical therewith. With all the ingenuity of modern science pressed into the service of destruction, let us hope that war will soon become "too dangerous a game to play at," and be abandoned accordingly.

The Italian question seems to be subsiding for the moment; but that country must evidently be the seat of agitation until it can make its way out of the intolerable position it occupies at present. As to the movement in Spain—which appears to be a protest against reactism and the Jesuits, accounts are exceedingly vague and contradictory; but it is believed that, hitherto, the Government has succeeded in maintaining the upper hand.

The inhabitants of the Moldavian and Wallachian Principalities are exerting themselves to the utmost to secure the union of their two countries under one ruler. In Wallachia the great *boyards*, with Prince Stourza at their head, and the clergy, acting through their archimandrite, the venerable Scriban, are aiding the popular movement by holding meetings, publishing letters and pamphlets, &c., urging the union of the two branches of the antique Romanian people as the sole hope of that race. The Moldavian grandees and clergy are equally active on their side. Nardima is to be admitted to the approaching Congress of the Great Powers by whom the question of the reorganization of the Principalities will be settled in its various details; and it is to be hoped that the influence of the Allies, all of whom are in favor of the union so ardently desired by the Moldo-Wallachs, will outweigh the hostile policy of Austria and Russia, who wish, for selfish ends, to keep them apart.

While nations who might know better, are keeping up the old restrictive duties upon international commerce, and taxing the first necessaries of life, it is curious to see the spirit of free trade, and the substitution of direct for indirect taxation, making their way among the people of a semi-barbarous State, who are thus reading a lesson to some of their elder brethren. His Highness, the Bey of Tunis, has issued a proclamation making known to his subjects the reforms he is about to introduce; reforms which will sweep away many abuses, and which cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on the progress of the country. This curious document begins as follows:

"*Praises to God! Salvation to our Lord and Master, Mohammed, to His family and His companions!*

"Praises to God, who has caused prosperity to depend on the practice of justice and goodness; who has willed that the noblest attribute of man should be the love of his neighbor; who has consecrated, in him, for the practice of this virtue, the two smallest organs of his being, the heart and the tongue; who has willed that men should be governed by different laws, according to the time and the country, laws destined to drive away evil, and to attract prosperity and confidence; one who has chosen, in order to insure these advantages to each nation, the men who are the most strongly attached to the true faith."

Having called down blessings again upon the Prophet, his descendants, and followers, and all who follow the road of virtue, the proclamation goes on to state that the Bey, anxious to do his duty, to stop abuses, and to promote the happiness of the people, abolishes all the existing taxes, (of which a terrible long list is given, and which, the Bey declares, "make him shudder when he thinks of the numerous doors thus opened to rapacity and injustice,") with the exception of the duty on grain and oil, on olive and palm trees, and the die, (*blood-tax*) which are to be maintained. "The first two," says the Bey, "are essentially just, because levied on the products of the soil, and not on individuals; and the third is just also, being the punishment of crime." But as the Government cannot go on without funds, the Bey establishes a uniform monthly capitation-tax of three piastres (a Tunisian piastre is worth between twelve and thirteen cents,) which is to be levied upon all male subjects without distinction of rank or wealth, with the exception of the *Cadis*, who, as priests and magistrates, are the exponents of the Divine Will, as revealed to the Prophet, and consequently are to pay nothing. Those who wish to exercise any trade or profession will in future pay no duty for permission so to do; but will pay a certain per centage of their profits into the public treasury. Those who shall attempt to shirk the new tax, are threatened with all manner of punishments, by the Bey and by Heaven, as unfaithful to duty, and unwilling to aid his fellows. Protection and redress are promised to the poor, over whom the Bey says "his eye shall be open day and night." The inhabitants of the cities of Tunis, Kirouan, Sousse, Monastier, and Sfax, gaining great riches by the transit of merchandize through their midst, are to continue to pay their old taxes; but are exempted from the new impost. Moreover, all the old coin of the country is to be called in, and re minted; and measures are to be taken to prevent the depreciation which, under the last Bey, produced great perturbation and trouble.

Switzerland has just chosen its President and Vice President for 1857. M. Fornerod, of the Canton du Vaud, the present Vice President, is elected President for next year. He is one of the youngest members of the Federal Government, and a radical. The successful candidate for the Vice Presidency, is M. Furrer, of Zurich, who has twice served as President, having occupied that eminent post to the satisfaction of all parties.

Very different degrees of progress have been arrived at in the various States of this interesting little republic—the only one in Europe that has succeeded in keeping on its feet. Take in proof of this remark, the following incident, which has just occurred in the *commune* of Schwaderloch, (in the Canton of Argovie) where, two years ago, the village Council placed at the head of its school a young man of uncommon talent, from whom great things were hoped. This new teacher has discharged the duties of his position so effectually, that his school, formerly one of the worst in the district, is now the best. His salary being so small that he could barely keep body and soul together, the members of the village Council took it into their heads to give him the post of sexton also, in order to enable him to eke out a living by the discharge of the double duty. The young teacher fulfilled his duties in this new capacity as faithfully as he had done those of his mastership: and Schwarderloch held him in higher esteem than ever. Unhappily, a short time since, a violent thunderstorm occurred in that part of the country during the night, and the teacher-sexton, instead of getting up, and ringing the church-bells to drive away the evil spirits of the storm, as it was his "duty" to do, lay still in bed, and let the thunder roar on as hard as it liked without attempting to control the irritated elements. For this "crime" the village Council, using their "legal rights," have dismissed him from his double-post. "And this," cries the *Geneva Review*, in recounting the incident, "has occurred in the year 1856 of the Christian era!"

The German papers seem to be in want of topics just now. One of them asserts that a "rich young English tourist," passing a few days at Coblentz, has taken to climbing up the lofty flag-staff that surmounts the roof of the Hotel de Ville of that town. When at the top of the staff, he seats himself on its point, lights a cigar, and enjoys the magnificent panorama around him. When tired of his perch, he comes down with a slide, the sight of which puts all the good folk of Coblentz into a state of goose-flesh. This daring feat he renews daily, not knowing what to do with himself, being "devoured with English spleen." And the *Gazette de Cologne*, one of the most extensively read of these journals, declares that there is now, in the cavalry barracks at Ungergassen, a horse, of an American breed, totally destitute of feet, and presenting no trace of mane or tail. It adds that "this rare specimen" (whose rarity one would hope may never be less!) "is to be purchased for the Imperial stud at Schœnbrun."

The renowned Fairs of Leipsic, it appears, so far from losing their interest for strangers, are more resorted to than ever. No less than 22,000 visited the Easter Book-Fair, and at least as many more the Fair of Saint Martin. The total number of visitors to this city, without counting its suburbs, reached 69,000 in 1841; this year, thanks to railways, it will reach at least half a million.

Fifty thousand visitors flocked to Brussels to take part in the tremendous "high-tide" the Belgians have just been getting up in honor of the 25th Anniversary of the Accession of King Leopold, who is extremely beloved by his people. Windows commanding a view of the procession—in which the King figured—let, for that occasion, at prices varying from $60 to $200 each!

The poet Berenger is recovered from his attack of hemorrhage. QUANTUM.

Letter from England.

A County Town in its Holiday Dress—Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Chelmsford—Prices of Cattle—Ploughing by Steam—Foreign Contributors—St. John's Larder—Distribution of Prizes.

London, July 24th, 1856.

During the past week the annual meeting and show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England has taken place at Chelmsford, the county town of Essex. This is without dispute one of the most important and influential of the many great societies that play so prominent a part in British enterprise, and has powerfully contributed to the remarkable progress of agriculture in Great Britain during the last twenty years. The present meeting was rendered peculiarly interesting from the fact that for the first time foreigners were invited to take part, and accordingly France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the Netherlands were all represented, though not so fully as they will doubtless be hereafter. The meetings are held every year at different places in the agricultural districts, and last four days. The show consists of agricultural implements and machinery, and of cattle, poultry, and stock of all kinds. Not the least important result of these annual meetings is, that by thus varying the place of meeting, the farmers of every part of the country are enabled to familiarise themselves with all improvements in machinery, and everything connected with agriculture, without the long journeys involved by an expedition to the great exhibitions, such as that just ended at Paris, or the great annual cattle shows of London. The neat little town of Chelmsford this year distinguished itself by its exertions to do honor to the Agricultural Society and its friends. The implement yard was opened on Tuesday, July 15th, and most bright and holiday like was the appearance with which the little town greeted its guests. The streets were gay with a profusion of flags and banners of all nations hanging and waving from every possible point. The main entrances of the town, where in olden time the gates would have been, were adorned with triumphal arches of evergreens and flowers, and even the conduits and town pumps were surrounded by full grown trees transplanted bodily. In every direction wreaths of laurel and flowers hung from the windows, and friendly mottoes inscribed in red and white roses welcomed the strangers in every street. The old Shire Hall, especially where the distribution of prizes, and many of the meetings of the members took place, was brilliant with banners and foliage. Near the railway station was the show yard of the society, containing the implement yard, where the machines were exhibited at work, steam power being provided for the purpose, and the cattle yard where in pens, neighed, lowed, grunted, squealed, and crowed the trophies of English farm yards and cattle raisers from all over the country. In the neighborhood were the "light land" and "heavy land" fields, and a large rye field of 28½ acres, in which the machines selected by the judges for actual test were set to work.

The greater part of the cattle displayed were of course English, of which the show was very good. There were, however, a good many curious foreign specimens; those that attracted the most favorable notice were a Breton bull and cow, and a pair of trotting French cart stallions. Amongst the English stock the horse show was particularly fine, here Prince Albert took the first prize for a beautiful Clydesdale horse, which took the palm from all his competitors of the Suffolk breed—generally considered superior. All the different well known classes of English stock were represented, and almost all that was for sale was bought by the foreigners, who distinguished themselves more signally as buyers than as exhibiters. The prices and purchasers of the prize animals show clearly the demand which has sprung up for favorite English breeds abroad. France, Australia and the United States are the great purchasers, especially for the Durham cattle, and the two first mentioned countries for Southdown sheep. The prize bull "Master Butterfly" was bought by an Australian for 1 200 guineas, the first prize Southdown ewe by an American for 100 guineas. A prize ram of the same breed was purchased for the French Government by the Inspector General of the Agricultural Establishments and Royal Veterinary Colleges of France, M. Yvart, for 150 guineas, and another for 70 guineas. Many of the ewes sold at 20 guineas apiece. A large white sow was bought by M. Allier, Director of Petit Bourg for £48, and a prize ram for £62, 200 guineas were refused for a two year old Suffolk colt, two of the second prize mares with their colts were sold for £150 and £120. All the stock brought high prices, and the demands, from the above-named countries especially, were greater than could be supplied. It is a curious illustration of the fixed and isolated local life of former times that so many distinct breeds of the same species of domestic animal should have arisen within the narrow limits of our island. It would be impossible in these days of rapid and constant communication to establish and preserve such marked varieties without the special care devoted to the subject by modern agriculturists; but then 20 miles was an efficient barrier, and Durham and Devonshire, Suffolk and Clydesdale, &c., were independent countries as far as the influence they had upon each other's agriculture was concerned, and for centuries to come that old state of things will be chronicled in the noted varieties of cattle, &c., of modern England.

There was a large display of farm implements and machinery, mostly more interesting for the improvements in machines already known, than from striking novelties. The reaping machines quickly prostrated the rye in the show-field, the old favorite, M'Cormick's, still keeping the place of honor. The contest among these machines for the prize, however, is postponed till August, when a fifty-four acre field of wheat, at Boxted Lodge, in the neighborhood, will be the scene of trial.

The steamploughs showed the greatest novelties, and excited more interest than any of the other new machines. Of these attempts to substitute steam for horse-power, three in particular were noticeable, one the "*Megatherium*," by Boydell, a steam engine with an "endless railway" attached to it, which, though it has attracted a good deal of attention, does not seem to be very favorably judged. The other two are the steamploughs of Smith, of Woolston, Buckinghamshire, and of Fowler, Romford, near Chelmsford. Both of these work by stationary engines, at one end of the field, fixed pullies at the other end, and wire ropes by which the plough is drawn to the engine, and then by means of the rope passing round the fixed pulley drawn back again. Both have ploughs of different descriptions, for common and trench ploughing. Smith's engine will plough about five acres per day, its cost for trench ploughing, including pay of men attending, interest on price, &c., is about 7*s.* (English) per acre. Fowler's ten horse engine, worked by four men and a boy, will plough eight acres per day, at a cost, for trench ploughing, of 5*s.* 6*d.* (English) per day. The judges decided that, whatever modifications may be made, these instruments proved the possibility of the successful application of them to this department of agriculture, and the prize of £500 lies between the two, but has not yet been awarded.

Another machine which attracted a great deal of notice, was the portable brick making machine, of Mr. Humphrey Chamberlain, of Kempsey, Worcester, to whom the Society of Arts awarded one of its five silver medals last month, for two papers on the subject read by him before it. His machine of three horse power manufactures 20,000 brick per day, of superior quality to hand made bricks; it requires only to be fed with the raw clay at one end, and delivers the bricks at the other, without the trouble of cutting off.

During the four days which the show lasted, some 35,000 persons visited it. The last day being the one shilling day, some 18,000 or 20,000 people, mostly laborers and their families, were admitted; in many cases the large farmers of the neighboring districts paid for the railway fares and admission tickets of large bodies of their laborers, and not the least interesting part of the Exhibition, to a stranger, were the characteristic groups of country people that thronged the little county town to overflowing upon that day. The flower show, and a ball at the Shire Hall, were no less attractive to all the fair lovers of gaiety in the neighborhood; while nearly 1,000 persons, the members and guests of the Society, sat down to the dinner, given in the great Pavillion erected for the purpose. Among them were many distinguished foreign agriculturalists.

Among the most interesting vegetable productions shown was an article which also attracted much notice at the French Exhibition. It is known as the Locust or "St. John's Bread," and is supposed to be the same kind of food that St. John lived upon in the wilderness. It has been imported into England this year for fattening cattle, and has been found very effectual for that purpose, but there is every probability that it will soon become the staple food for horses, to which purpose it is applied in various parts of the continent. The Locust is a fruit about the size and shape of a large broad bean, and contains so much saccharine matter that it has been turned to advantage abroad for making both sugar and spirits.

On Friday, the 18th, Lord Portman closed his year of office as President of the Society, by the public distribution at the Shire Hall, of the prizes awarded to the successful competitors for foreign stock, including M. Allier, M. Rivard, M. Philippe, M. Cheradome, the Compte de Bouille, and M. Dutrous. Beside the money value of the prizes, a gold medal was presented to M. Tisserand, the French Commissioner, and to each of the three foreign jurors; while a silver medal was presented to each of the successful Exhibitors of Continental stock. M. Tisserand, on receiving the medal, made some remarks upon the influence which, in his travels through Holland, France, and other Continental nations, he had observed to be exercised upon the agriculture of those countries, by the interest which the efforts of the English Agricultural Society had called to these subjects. The effect which it has produced in exciting activity among the agriculturalists of England, may be judged by the fact that, while at its first Show in Oxford, in 1839, there were but 23 entries of implements, and 200 entries of animals, the entries this year have been 400 of machines, and 800 of stock.

☞ How a Lie Travels.—Some months ago (says the Birmingham Gazette) a story was in circulation charging the Birmingham manufacturers with making idols "for exportation." We explained at the time that the story was based on a joke which appeared in Punch. As a joke it was copied into an American newspaper, but a religious journal reprinted it in sober earnest, and now it has made its way into the French.

☞ "The World."—A boy upon foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on, more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch.

☞ "Way don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another. "Because I hain't got no what's-his-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 5th, the House bill, providing for creating the boundary line between Washington Territory and the British possessions, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Seward presented the petition of Charles Robinson and others, now confined in Kansas under the charge of treason, praying for their relief. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The petitioners set forth that their trial is to take place on the second Monday of September, at Lecompton, and believing that they cannot there have a fair and impartial trial, such as the Constitution guarantees every citizen, pray that the venure may be changed, and that they may be tried by the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the 6th, Mr. Seward introduced a bill which was referred to the Judiciary Committee, providing for a change of venue in certain criminal cases now pending in the Courts of the United States for the Territory of Kansas. This bill is founded on the petition of Robinson and others presented yesterday.

The Senate considered and passed bills making appropriations for the improvement of the harbors of Apalachicola, Charleston, S. C., Cape Cod, Providence, Georgetown, D. C., Hurlgate, Bangor, Lafourcha, the inland passage between St. John's and St. Mary's Rivers, Florida, Mobile Harbor, the Hudson River, for a Steam Dredge on Lake Michigan, the improvement of Cape Fear, the Illinois and Red Rivers, for a Survey of Atchafalaya Bay and its approaches, and for a Survey of the Falls of Red River.

The bill for a wagon road to the Pacific, and five private bills were passed.

Mr. Fish presented the petition of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, praying for a renewal of their contract, and against the bill making a contract with Mr. Vanderbilt. Adjourned.

On the 7th, the Senate took up the Army Appropriation Bill, which was reported from the Finance Committee with an amendment, striking out Mr. Sherman's proviso, which was as follows:

"*Provided nevertheless*, That no part of the military force of the United States herein provided for shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of the enactments of the alleged Legislative Assembly in the Territory of Kansas, recently assembled at Shawnee Mission, or til Congress shall have assented either that it was or was not a valid Legislative Assembly, chosen in conformity with the organic law, by the people of said Territory. *And provided*, That until Congress shall have passed on the validity of the said Legislative Assembly of Kansas, it shall be the duty of the President to use the military forces in said Territory to preserve the peace, suppress insurrection, repel invasion, and protect persons and property therein, and the national highways in the State of Missouri from unlawful seizures and searches: *And be it further provided*, That the President is required to disarm the present organized militia of the Territory of Kansas, and to recall all the United States arms therein distributed, and to prevent armed men from going into said Territory to disarm the public peace, or aid in the enforcement or resistance of real or pretended laws."

After considerable discussion, in which Mr. Douglas said that "The proviso grants an amnesty to men who murdered their fellow-citizens, and cut their throats and hearts out; but he would hang them by their necks for their crimes"—the vote was taken.

Mr. Sherman's proviso was stricken out—yeas 29, nays 9—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bayard, Bell of Tenn., Brodhead, Bright, Broderick, Butler, Clay, Clayton, Dodge, Geyer, Hunter, Iverson, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tenn., Mallory, Mason, Pratt, Pugh, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson of Kentucky, Thompson of N. J., Weller, Wright, and Yulee.

Nays—Messrs. Collamer, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Seward, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson.

Owing to this decision, Mr. Seward said he could not vote for the bill, and justified, at length, the action of the House in the adoption of Mr. Sherman's proviso. He spoke of the successful usurpation and tyranny in Kansas, and said that the mere fact that the army was necessary to enforce the laws was conclusive evidence that the laws of the Territory were not such as ought to be enforced.

Mr Stewart replied to Mr. Seward's speech, which he termed extraordinary. Mr. Seward was eminently responsible for the present troubles in Kansas, and his present argument seemed intended to encourage the Hunkers in a factious opposition to the Senate and the President. There were no funds to sustain the army until this bill passed, and there is an Indian war on the Pacific coast, rendering the services of troops absolutely necessary.

The bill then passed—yeas 27; nays 8, as follows:—Messrs. Durkee, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Seward, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson.

On the 8th, the Senate took up and passed the bill from the House, granting a million and a half of acres of land to the State of Mississippi for railroad purposes.

Several private bills were considered and passed. Mr. Weller moved to proceed to the consideration of the Pacific Railroad bill, but no quorum voting, the Senate adjourned.

On the 9th, the Senate took up and passed the joint resolution authorizing Professor Bache, of the Coast Survey, to accept a medal presented to him by the King of Sweden.

Mr. Hunter reported a substitute for the bill regulating the compensation of members of Congress, giving them $2,000 and $3,000 a year, with a section providing that if any books be distributed among the members, by resolution of either or both Houses, the price given for the same shall be deducted from their annual compensation; provided that this shall not extend to books ordered to be printed during the Congress for which members respectively shall have been elected.

Senator Jones, of Tenn., announced his intention to support Buchanan; and Senator Bell, of the same State, Mr Fillmore.

Mr. Bigler offered a resolution, which lies over, calling on the President for copies of the vouchers on which Col. Fremont's accounts, as an officer of the Government, from his first expedition to California, were settled, so that the nature of his disbursements may appear; and also inquiring whether there is any public moneys in his hands unaccounted for, or whether there are any papers on file in the departments, from official sources, charging him with malfeasance in office, &c.

On the 11th, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported back the House Bill to reorganize the Territory of Kansas, with a written report which takes the ground that the Senate Bill, now before the House, is the best plan for the pacification of Kansas that the Senate can devise, and recommends that the bill be laid on the table as a test vote on its rejection.

Mr. Collamer read the minority report of the same committee, recommending the enactment of the House Bill. The bill was then laid on the table—yeas 35, nays 12.

In the House of Representatives, on the 5th, Mr. Dunn offered a proviso to the Appropriation Bill, that no part of this money shall be drawn from the Treasury till a bill shall be passed and approved by the President, for the pacification of the troubles in Kansas, which shall contain the slavery restriction regarding Kansas and Nebraska. He said there was but one remedy, to take hold of the red mischief by the roots and tear it all up. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Grow, another proviso was added, that no money shall be paid until the stoppage of the pending prosecutions for treason, and other alleged offences against the laws of the Legislature that assembled at the Shawnee Mission, be dismissed.

The item of $20,000 in the bill, for the compensation and mileage of the members of the Kansas Legislative Assembly, and the pay of the officers, clerks, and contingent expenses, was stricken out.

On the 6th, Mr. Orr presented the credentials of Mr. Keitt, re-elected from South Carolina, who was sworn in.

Mr. Thorington reported a bill granting lands in Nebraska, Minnesota, and Kansas, for railroads, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Bennett, of New York, reported a bill granting 1,500,000 acres of land in Mississippi, for a similar purpose, which was passed—yeas 93, nays 59.

The House then went into Committee on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Grow moved a proviso, that no part of this money shall be expended for prosecuting or detaining any person or persons charged with treason, or any other political offence in Kansas. He said he desired to withhold support from the Court in the Territory, in order that the prosecutions for alleged treason in the Territory may terminate.

Mr. Stanton moved to amend, by adding, "or any prosecution which has heretofore been instituted for political offences."

Mr. Grow's amendment, together with Mr. Stanton's, was then adopted—yeas 99, nays 57.

The Committee then rose and reported the bill to the House, when Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, offered a substitute for the bill, omitting the clause making appropriations for the Kansas Legislature, and excluding the provision of Messrs. Dunn, Sherman, and Grow, restricting the proposed expenditures, which was declared out of order.

The House then proceeded to act on the amendment to the bill as reported.

The question being on Mr. Dunn's amendment, that no part of the money appropriated shall be drawn from the Treasury until the passage and approval by the President of an Act for for Pacification of the Troubles in Kansas, which shall, among others contain provisions for restoring the slavery restriction to Kansas and Nebraska—it was rejected. Yeas 68, nays 119.

The question then being on Mr. Grow's amendment to the appropriation for the Judiciary of Kansas, that the money shall not be drawn from the Treasury till the criminal prosecutions pending in the Territory against persons charged with treason or alleged violations of the laws passed by a body of men at Shawnee Mission, claiming to be the Legislature, shall be dismissed by the Court, and every person who has been or may be restrained of liberty by reason of such prosecution be released from confinement—it was agreed to—yeas 84, nays 69, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Adrain, Allison, Bell, Barbour, Bartley, Bennett, Bingham, Bishop, Blair, Bliss, Brayton, Burlingame, Campbell, Chaffee, Clark, Jr., Clawson, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cragin, Cumback, Damrell, Davis, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Emrie, Fischer, Galloway, Granger, Grow, Harlan, Hollowey, Hoskins, Kelsey, King, Knapp, Knight, Knowlton, Kunz, Kunkel, Leiter, Matteson, McCarty, Miller, (N. Y.) Millward, Morgan, Morrill, Mott, Murray, Norton, Oliver, (N. Y.) Parker, Pearce, Pelton, Pennington, Perry, Pettit, Pike, Pringle, Purviance, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Sabin, Sapp, Sherman, Simmons, Spinner, Stanton, Stranahan, Tappan, Todd, Wade, Walbridge, Wells, Washburne, Jr., (Me.) Watson, Wood, Woodruff, Woodworth.

Nays—Messrs. Aiken, Bowie, Branch, Caldwallader, Campbell, (Ohio,) Carlile, Caskie, Cingman, Cobb, (Ala.) Crawford, Davis, Dowdell, Dunn, Emrie, English, Eustis, Jr., Faulkner, Florence, Foster, Goode, Greenwood, Haven, Hickman, Horton, Houston, Jones, (Tenn.) Jones, (Penn.) Kidd, Kelly, Caldwell, Letcher, Lumpkin, Marshall, (Ky.) Marshall, (Ill.) Maxwell, McMullen, Miller, (Ind.) Millson, Moore, Phelps, Porter, Quitman, Reade, Ricardson, Rivers, Ruffin, Rust, Sandidge, Savage, Seward, Shorter, Smith, (Va.) Speed, Stewart, Swope, Taylor, Thurston, Underwood, Walk, Warner, Watkins, Whitney, Williams, Winslow, Wright, (Miss.) Wright, (Tenn.) Zollicoffer.

The amendment of Mr. Sherman, similar to the above, was rejected—yeas 99, nays 113.

The clause appropriating $20,000, for the expenses of the Legislative Assembly of Kansas, was stricken out—yeas 90, nays 68.

Messrs. Grow and Stanton's amendment, that no part of the money shall be expended for prosecuting or detaining any person charged with treason, &c., was agreed to—yeas 82, nays 62.

The bill then passed—yeas, 94, nays 53; the Democrats, together with the *Southern* Americans and Messrs. Dunn and Bennett, of New York, voting in the negative.

At the evening session, Mr Furey Walker accounted for his presence at the Philadelphia American Convention, and assigning his reasons why he cannot support Mr. Fillmore, who adopts as the leading idea of his platform the repeal of the Missouri restriction. All the Northern friends of Mr. Fillmore, excepting Mr. Valk, were here found voting for its restriction. Besides, the larger part of the American party in the North is absorbed in the dirty pool of Black Republicanism.

On the 7th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Naval Appropriation Bill, which was variously amended, and passed.

Among the items in the bill is one of $87,000 for Stevens, war steamer, and $300,000 for completing the basin and railway at the San Francisco navy yard.

The House then considered the bill making appropriations for the Coast Survey, Light House Establishment, Land Surveys, and other civil expenses.

On the 8th, Mr. Washburne, of Maine, reported a resolution authorizing the payment to Mr. Reeder of per diem and mileage to the time he claim to a seat as delegate from Kansas was decided. The resolution was adopted by 23 majority.

The House then resumed the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the expenses of Light Houses, the Coast Survey, &c. An amendment appropriating $300,000 for the continuation of the Washington aqueduct, was lost by 25 majority.

On the 9th, on motion of Mr. King, a resolution was adopted, requesting the Postmaster General to make a special and vigilant inquiry as to the places where, and persons who have unlawfully abstracted or detained from the mails transmitted from Washington, books and public documents distributed by members of Congress, and when discovered, cause such persons to be exposed and punished according to law.

The consideration of the bill making appropriations for Light Houses, Coast and Land Surveys, Custom Houses, Marine Hospitals, &c., was resumed, and the bill passed.

Among the items are appropriations for the Post Office, Custom House and Court House at Philadelphia, for six revenue cutters on the lakes, and appropriates $75,000 for the purchase of cuttings and seeds for distribution through the Patent Office. The bill also provides that after the 13th of November, the military superintendency of the public buildings shall be abolished—the clause being adopted by a vote of 93 to 90.

Mr. Sherman, rising to a question of privilege, called attention to the fact that Mr. Savage had in a speech characterised the report of the majority of the Committee on Kansas affairs, as a compound of gross partiality, misrepresentation and perversion of the truth, put forth with impudence and unblushing falsehood. All that Mr. Sherman had to say was, that such language was a violation of the rules of the House, a breach of that parliamentary decorum and courtesy which should prevail among gentlemen, and was not true.

The bill reported by Mr. Faulkner, to promote the efficiency of the army, increases the pay of all commissioned officers twenty dollars per month, and raises their ration to thirty cents. Brevet is not to confer any rank, command, or emolument.

On the 11th, the House tabled, by 20 majority, the bill to enable the owners of land warrants to locate the same on any of the public domains, subject to entry, whether the minimum price be $1.25 per acre or otherwise.

Mr. Campbell, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill reducing the duties on imports, and for other purposes. The consideration of the bill was postponed till the third Monday in December.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, from the same Committee introduced a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish a large mass of information affecting the interests of the different sections of country in connection with the Tariff, looking to the enlargement of the free list, the raw materials, the production of the manufacture of the finer materials, the extension of our export trade, and making various suggestions from the Treasury relative to the revenue laws, &c.

A message was received from the President of the United States returning with his objections, the bill for the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids. He says it is liable to the same objections as other similar bills, and referents his previous message for his views on the subject.

The message having been read, the question recurred on the passage of the bill, when, under the operation of the previous question, it was passed, notwithstanding the President's veto—yeas 130, nays 54.

NEWS ITEMS.

Affairs in Kansas.—Chicago, August 9.—We learn from Nebraska City, that between three and four hundred Kansas emigrants left that place on the 4th for Topeka. Some two hundred Missourians had left Westport with the intention of intercepting them. One hundred men from Topeka had gone up the Iowa road to assist the emigrants.

A train on the Eastern Railroad stopped at one of the way-stations, when a lady, bountifully supplied with hoops, wished to leave the cars. She had experienced no difficulty in taking her seat, but when, in great haste, she wished to get up again, she found it no easy job. Her hoops refused to yield to the pressure necessary, and the more she labored to compress them, the more obstinate they were. At last a gentleman, fearing she would be carried beyond her desired destination, came to her rescue, and by moving the seat, succeeded in relieving her from her dilemma.—*Traveller.*

Singular Reason for Incendiarism.—Two boys, arrested in Cambridge, Mass., for setting fire to a carpenter shop, confessed having fired a ropewalk a few days before, as they "wanted to have a lunch with the engine company!"

George Peabody, Esq., the well known banker in London, is about to revisit his native land, after an absence of twenty years. It is said that he has engaged a passage to New York, by the Collins steamer of the 3rd of September, and intends to remain here several months.

Extensive Sale of Property.—The Curritoman estate, in Lancaster county, Va., consisting of 3,100 acres of land, together with 236 negroes, was recently sold to a company of Virginians for $199,000. It belonged to the estate of the late Mr. Cable, of Richmond.

Great Undertaking.—The Canadian Government has granted four millions acres of land to aid in constructing a railroad from Quebec to Montreal, along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the city of Ottowa, and thence to Sault Ste. Marie. This road is to be completed within five years.

An Awkward Mistake.—The compositor made us speak of Mr. Benton's great work, yesterday, as "Thirty *Bears* in the United States Senate." The correction was made in the proof, but the compositor insisted on having it "Bears"—no doubt forgetting the important fact that the Senate, in Mr. Benton's day, was a very different body of animals from what it is at present.—*Savannah Republican, 31st ult.*

The Brooks Manifesto.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Daily Times says, that so far from the information respecting the duel being sent to Canada through the connivance of Mr. Burlingame, the facts were communicated to a New York reporter by Mr. Brooks' second, Gen. Lane.

Royal Marriage.—It is said that the marriage between the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, will take place on the 1st of September, 1857.

A treaty was signed recently between the head men of the Creek nation and the Secretary of the Interior, the former receiving for their Alabama land claims, &c., a million dollars; $200,000 of which is to be applied to agricultural purposes, the balance to be applied per capita. The delegation have left Washington for the West.

☞ An old gentleman had three daughters, all marriageable. A young buck went wooing the younger, and finally got her consent to have him, "if pa was willing." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into a passion, declaring that "no man should pick his daughters in that way; if the young man wished to have one of his daughters, he might marry the oldest or leave the house forthwith."

The Brooks and Edmundson Difficulty.—Messrs. Babcock and Lane—Brooks's friends—have published two more long cards relative to the subject. The following are the most important portions. Mr. Lane says:—

Mr. Burlingame asks "if he (Col. Brooks) was afraid to go to Canada, the nearest neutral ground, why did he not name some other place?" The answer is, that Col. Brooks, Mr. Edmundson, and myself, who alone were in consultation, all concurred in regarding the designation of the "Clifton House," as a *miserable subterfuge*; and when I informed these gentlemen that upon inquiring of Mr. Campbell what weapon his friend had selected, his response was, "What! you don't mean to have a fuss?" they together with myself, held the naming by Mr. Burlingame of the "Clifton House" as a distinct and unequivocal *back out*, and as such we felt warranted to treat it.

(It is due to Mr. Campbell to say that he disavows any recollection of the expression last quoted, though I am altogether confident that he used it, and so reported to my friend immediately afterwards.) * * *

It now remains to answer Mr. Campbell's argumentative propositions. He affects to scorn the "written code duelle," and yet challenges authority for the following propositions:

1st. That the challenging party may, in his message, make any restrictions as to *time* or place of *meeting*.

2nd. That in selecting the place, the challenged party is circumscribed, geographically, by any lines of latitude or longitude.

3rd. That when the *place* is fixed by the party entitled to the selection, the challenger may retire from the field on his objection to distance, (if within one day's travel,) or from fear of "bailiffs and constables."

I take pleasure in giving the "authorities" to Mr. Campbell, and trust that when he reads the last paragraph that I quote, he will appreciate my lenity towards his friend. In the 3rd chapter, on the 12th page, of the "Code of Honor," (edited by Gov. John Wilson, of South Carolina, which book is the only "authority" known and acknowledged in America, and adopted by clubs in England.) will be found the following paragraphs, numbered 2 and 3, which seem to have some bearing on the points in question:—

"Upon the acceptance of the challenge the seconds make the necessary arrangements for the meeting, in which each party is entitled to a perfect equality. The old notion that the party challenged was authorized to name the time, *place*, distance, and weapon, has been long since exploded, nor would a man of chivalric honor use such a right if he possessed it. The time must be as soon as practicable, *the place such as has ordinarily been used where the parties are*, the distance usual, and the weapon that which is most generally used.

"3. If the challengee insists upon what is not usual in time, *place*, distance, and weapon, do not yield the point, and tender in writing what is usual in each, and if he refuses to give satisfaction, *then your friend may post him*."

I did not tender *in writing* the "usual" place, because Mr. Campbell regarded "any reference to weapons as premature," and therefore impressed me with the belief that he was invested with no adequate power in the premises. I could not make the tender to Mr.

HEALING FOR THE SICK.

Oh, Life! with thy large aims and petty strivings,
Thy graver purpose that but ill hath sped,
Thy pleasures, wanings, and thy small derivings,
Thy feasts at which the spirit is not fed—
Hast thou no sleep that lays a kind cool palm
On aching brows, and bids the breast be calm,
Until death's shadow crosses our repose,
And night-wind sighs as the faint eyelids close?

To some fair chamber with bright glimpse of skies,
In hearing of the sweet sojourning leaves,
With tender lights from those green tapestries
Which the quaint ivy o'er the window weaves;
Or where four walls look grimly on the streets,
On roof-tiles where a parching sunshine beats,
And swoons beneath the never-lifting haze
That creeps along the city's dusky ways—

The Envoy comes, a twilight in his face!
Is he an angel wrapt about with cloud?
Are those veiled features touched with heavenly grace?
Or is't some demon in a dead man's shroud?
In that dream-world of languor where he lies,
So populous with ghostly phantasies,
The sick man knows not, for his sense is dim;
He only feels those eyes are watching him.

Look up! thy tasks are over, and the fires
Of sunset smoulder in the cloudy west;
The tumult of the sultry day expires;
Care's ragged wings are folded to their rest.
I come to lead thee from this land of dreams,
The circle of this pale sun's watery beams,
To broader, fuller light than thou hast known,
Up to the steps of the eternal Throne.

I cross thy threshold—not as comes the thief;
I give thee what thy penury has lacked;
I give thy nobler will the crowned relief,
Force to aspire, and energy to act.
Nay, shudder not, nor fear some phantom's grasp;
Those friendly hands a brimming chalice clasp;
Here, in a golden cup, I bring thee wine
Pressed from immortal grapes—a draught divine!

E. D. C.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

VIVIA.

Tell me why, good nature,
Thou madest me what I am, with all the spirit's
Aspiring thoughts and vehement desires
Of happier ones? Ah! rather, why
Did'st thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, nature? —*Otway.*

No letter from Vivia yet. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick"—weareth the heart out. Of late Theodora had ceased to call or send to the Post-Office. Long since, indeed, she had felt a sort of shame in calling upon the functionary there to look for a letter that never by any chance was found. For many years Vivia had been almost her only correspondent, and now for years Vivia had been silent.

"Truly they will take me for a monomaniac, if I continue to ask for letters that never come," sighed Theodora, as she resolved to put a constraint upon herself, and avoid troubling the Post-Office.

Nothing in this age and country could be imagined more solitary than the life this young creature led. She had no correspondents, no neighbors, and it might even be said that she had no family circle. It is certain that she had no *companions*.

Old Mrs. Wildman sat smiling serenely in her chair, and dying slowly and calmly from day to day; her intellect had gradually departed—her affections only remained, and these last were centred upon Theodora only, among all living creatures. The memory of things, from the date of Basil's leaving home, the evening of his death, had either faded entirely away or become hopelessly confused. She still often believed Basil to be just gone to the Post-Office, or momentarily expected back.

"Won't you wait tea for Basil, honey?" would she ask, each evening, as she saw the table set.

"You know Basil took a cup of coffee before he went out," would be Theodora's satisfactory reply.

"Oh, so he did. Seems to me, child, I'm getting old and forgetful. Stay! wa'n't Mrs. Brunton here, too? Where has she gone?"

"Mrs. Brunton started to go home, just before Basil went."

"Oh! so she did, to get home before the storm."

Then, if the evening were clear, the old woman would add—

"But deary me, she needn't have been afraid! I don't see no signs of a storm."

If, on the contrary, the sky were overcast and threatening, she would turn her eyes from window to window, meaning piteously, and perhaps with some faint memory of the tragedy that had occurred. Another distinct recollection she had—it was of the announcement, upon the evening of Basil's last departure for home, of the marriage of Austin Malmaison with Helen Wildman. And this fact—when it came into her head, she announced with equal pride and pleasure to any chance visitor that might come to the house.

"You knew, sir, I suppose," she said, to the tax collector, "that my grand-daughter, Helen, was married?"

"Yes, madam! so I've heard."

"Dear, *yes*, sir! to Mr. Austin Malmaison," or sometimes using a stiff, old-fashioned phrase, learned from Miss Elizabeth, she would say—"the young heir of Mount Storm."

She was not conscious of the fact of Miss Elizabeth's death, but always spoke of her as being on a journey or a visit, from which she was soon expected.

But upon Theodora, as has been said, she fixed her whole heart. With the innocent exactions of imbecility, she required the almost incessant attendance of her young protectress, a claim that Theodora could not fail to recognize. Occasionally, the young lady consulted a physician in regard to the proper method of treatment to be observed in Mrs. Wildman's case. The physician repeatedly assured her that the patient might with care, survive for many years, while the slightest neglect or disturbance might at any moment cause her death. Further, that the invalid would be most in danger of a fatal attack during the night, for which reason it was advisable that some one should sleep with her, so as to be at hand at a moment's notice to give assistance. There was no one for this service except Theodora, and of course she did not hesitate to perform it. Every one, or almost every one, knows of the deleterious and sometimes deadly effect produced upon a young person by sleeping with an old and infirm one; upon a young creature constitutionally so delicate as was Theodora, this effect was very speedy and very marked. She rapidly lost flesh and strength and color, while, on the contrary, the aged invalid improved in health, seeming to absorb the life her young nurse lost. Perhaps the family physician, when he saw Theodora's fast-failing strength suspected the cause, for one morning while making a call upon his patient, he asked,

"Who remains with Mrs. Wildman during the night?"

"I do, sir," replied Theodora.

"Then give it up, at once, my dear—it is a slow suicide—in your case, not a very 'slow' one, either."

But Theodora did not give up her post. The fear that her aged charge should some night die without help—was sufficient to conquer any prudent uneasiness upon the score of her own state of health. Once, indeed, she thought of contenting herself with occupying a cot in the same room, but the recollection that she had already three times saved her patient, only through being so near to her as to *feel the jar of her silently fluttering heart*, confirmed her in her resolution of sleeping only by her side. And the more toil and anxiety the aged invalid cost Theodora, the more tenderly the latter loved the helpless object of her care.

But in the meantime the farm was necessarily much neglected, and the two Irish assistants had everything in their own way. What time their mistress could take from her patient, she bestowed upon the thankless and fruitless task of their instruction and improvement. After spending an hour each morning and each afternoon, in giving them the most careful and exact directions, she would return to the house, and then *they*—but time would fail, and the credulity of my readers be taxed, were it related what misapprehensions and mistakes would ensue, the moment the mistress's back was turned.

"Oh, Ireland! Ireland!" Theodora would exclaim, between a sigh and a smile, for it was impossible to say whether their misconstructions and blunders were the more disastrous or the more ludicrous, "oh, Ireland! Ireland! what have I done to be condemned to civilize two of your sons?"

But the deferential manner, and perfect good humor of the two Hibernians, together with their thorough honesty of purpose, and willingness to be taught, saved them, even after their worst errors, from any reproaches of a mistress so considerate and gentle as was Theodora.

But the farm that year scarcely cleared expenses. And the young agriculturist began vainly to look about for better assistance for the ensuing season.

Meanwhile a change was coming over the old lady. Miss Nelly Parrott said that she was falling deeper into dotage every day. She often seemed unconscious of the existence of the persons around her, and spoke to the absent or the dead, as if she were in their immediate presence. Thus she held imaginary conversations with her mother and with her own children. This, at first merely an interesting phenomenon to Theodora, so increased upon its subject, so abstracted her from all visible and temporal things, that it grew alarming.

"My Lord! but this is terrible! She is removed far from us, even while she sits there in our sight! Her body is with us, is living, and her soul is far away! This is very terrible!" exclaimed Theodora.

"Yes! if you've a call to send patients to Bedlam, *there's one* ready for you!" said Miss Nelly.

"Just as sure as you repeat anything in that style again, I *shall* send one there," replied Theodora, deliberately; while all this time the old lady kept up an imaginary conversation with one of her own children, who had gone to Heaven in its childhood forty years before. Events almost never turn out as our hopes or fears predict. It had been feared that Mrs. Wildman would die in the night. And hence Theodora's sacrifice of her own health. It happened, on the contrary, that the spirit of the aged pilgrim left its earthly tabernacle in the noonday, while she sat in her arm-chair, with her young nurse sitting, sewing by her side. It happened thus. She had been holding an imaginary conversation with her own long-deceased mother—a very pleasant, lively conversation it seemed, for the old lady frequently smiled, and sometimes laughed a sweet, low-toned, jolly laugh, as she would reply. Theodora sewed, and watched her charge with mingled awe and interest.

At length the conversation ceased. Theodora listened, but it was not resumed; she bent forward and looked; but all seemed well; the old lady's hands were laid one over the other upon her lap; her eyes were closed; but a smile lingered around the corners of her mouth, that gave her the expression of one feigning sleep, yet about to betray the jest. Some indefinable impulse—for certainly it was no suspicion of the real state of the case, impelled Theodora to rise and lift up the hand of her patient, and to speak; but there was no reply to her words, and the hand that she had lifted lay lifeless in her own. The spirit had peacefully passed away, leaving its parting smile impressed upon the clay.

It was after the death and funeral of the old lady, that Theodora felt the full sense of her own desolation. There was none left to love her, and no one whom she could love. She seemed indeed "alone in the world." The strength that was no longer needed for the support of others, now failed herself; a feebleness, like idiocy, fell upon her intellect and will—a mortal weakness, nigh unto death, fell upon her frame. She no longer aspired or endeavored; hoped or feared; thought or loved; she scarcely lived.

Early one summer morning Theodora sat musing upon the door step. All was deserted and silent in the house, (for that morning Miss Nelly Parrot, in disgust of solitude, had gone off to inflict a visitation of herself upon Mrs. Brunton and her daughters at Sunset Hills;) and all was still and lonely in the lawn before the door; the high grass bending over and meeting across the narrow foot-path, spoke silently but eloquently of the desolate and abandoned state of the premises. In the distant field, it is true, the two Irish laborers were at work, but their approaches to the house were too infrequent to keep down the grass that grew around the door-step.

"It is in my own heart that death is, after all—the death of starvation. I wonder how many die of the heart's starvation," said Theodora to herself, still musing. "I am idle. It is wrong to be idle; therefore I suppose there is a duty in keeping the hands at work even if the mind cannot be interested in it."

And she arose and went up stairs to get needle-work. She lingered some time, looking over old stores of household stuffs, and while she was still thus engaged she heard a rap at the door at the foot of the stairs. She went down, supposing the rapper to be Dan or John, one of her Irish laborers. And Dan indeed it proved to be, who, with his hands extended, and leaning each side the door frame, awaited her.

"Well, Dan, what is it?"

"Please, mistress, it is a lady."

"A lady—what lady?—where?"

"In the parlor where I showed her, ma'am, and I don't know who she is."

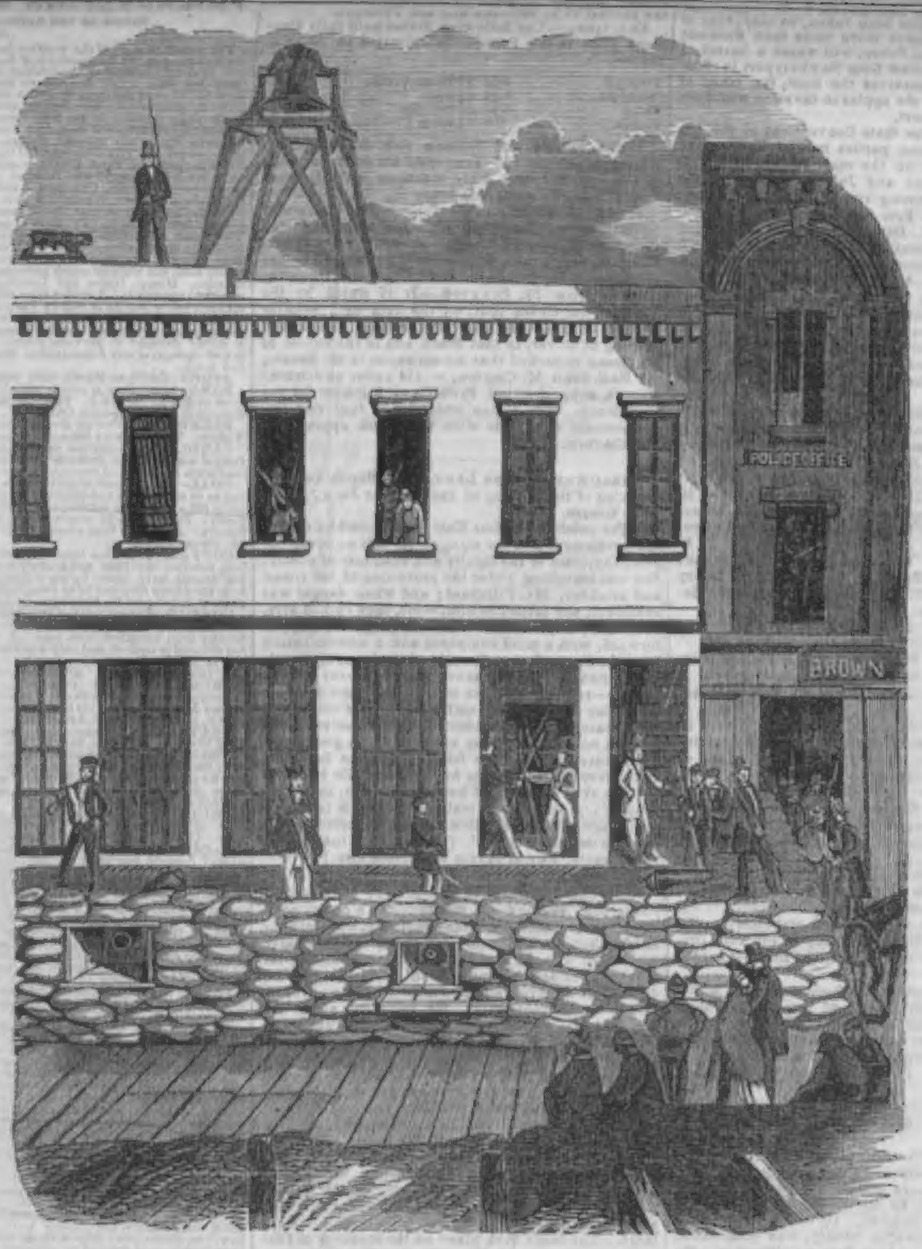
"Annie Brunton, I suppose," said Theodora. "Well, Dan, that will do, thank you. I will go to the lady, and you can return to the field."

And Daniel jerked his head by way of a bow, and left by the back door, while Theodora passed into the parlor, wondering what whim had brought Annie Brunton to Red Ridge. As she opened the door she perceived standing, looking out from a distant window, a lady very plainly dressed, yet bearing in her whole appearance, air and attitude, the unmistakable marks of distinction. Something caused Theodora's heart to flutter as she hastened softly towards this lady, who turned at her near approach.

"Vivia! oh! Vivia!" exclaimed Theodora, as she threw herself nearly fainting with joy upon the bosom of her friend.

Vivia sustained her sinking frame, holding her near her heart, and kissing her fondly and frequently, until her paroxysm of joyous sobs and tears was over, and then she sat down upon a chair, drawing Theodora upon her lap.

"Oh! want a joyful, joyful surprise!" at last again exclaimed the latter, between a sob and a smile.



FORT VIGILANCE—SAN FRANCISCO.

This head-quarters of the Vigilance Committee, San Francisco, is situated on Sacramento street, between Front and Davis, and extends back to a small lane known as Halleck street. The front of the building, on Sacramento street, is the portion given in the picture, (which is engraved from a daguerreotype) and is about twenty feet in the rear of the breastwork, which is composed of sand bags, the embrasures being lined with plank. It is about ten feet high, and is six feet wide. Behind it are planted cannon, in positions to rake all the approaches to the building. The Committee's Rooms extend into the adjoining edifices, and on their tops sentries are posted and cannon mounted. On the top of the fort, a small piece of artillery is placed commanding the vacant square in front of the building. No one is admitted inside of the breastworks or into the building without the password of the Committee, which body now comprises over six thousand members, with a reserve of 4,000. These are formed into regular battalions, whose head-quarters are in various parts of the city. On the ground floor of the fort are the field pieces and heavy ammunition, while above the lighter arms are arranged. On the second floor also, are the various offices, the rooms of the Executive Committee, and the prisoners' cells.

A large bell is placed on the roof. Its weight is about 700 pounds and it replaces the triangle which was at first erected, but whose sound proved to be insufficient in power for the purpose for which it was erected. At the tap of the bell, the members of the Committee from various parts of the city assemble in case of an emergency. Its sounding on the eventful Saturday, June 21st, caused a stirring scene in the streets. The whole city seemed in motion. All business affairs were suspended. Men in their shirt sleeves, just from their places of business, hurried towards the fort, in numbers which seemed sufficient to cause immediate confusion in the arrangements that were to follow. But heterogeneous and indiscriminate as was this mass of men, and hurried and apparently irregular as were their movements, but a few moments elapsed ere they were in line, ready for battle had battle been necessary.

"A surprise! why, dear, were you not expecting me?"

"Oh! expecting you! I had expected to *hear* from you month after month, month after month, until expectation seemed to be nothing but monomania, and then I resigned it, lest the vain hope should craze me," exclaimed Theodora, with a fresh burst of tears.

"But, my love," said Vivia, caressing her, "we warned you that after we should have entered Asia, there would be but few and very uncertain means of communicating with our friends here. Returning to Europe we wrote to you, and as soon as possible followed our letters. Arrived at New York, we wrote again. Did you not receive those letters?"

"None of them! none of them! it is true, however, that I have not sent to the Post-Office for a month past; I grew ashamed of sending!"

"That accounts for it. No doubt our letters are there waiting for you! dear girl! if I had known that, I should not have given you this surprise."

"Oh! you should! you should! it is such a joyful surprise! and would you have delayed giving me this great happiness for half a day or even half an hour, by sending a messenger before your face? Oh! never! It is so often we have shocks of pain—so seldom shocks of joy, Vivia! And is it you, indeed? Oh! let me look at you again! life has been such a desert waste to me since you went away! Oh! Vivia, let me gaze on you!" cried Theodora, almost hysterically, striving to subdue her sobs, and to clear her eyes from the blinding tears, that she might the better gaze upon her friend.

"Yes it is you! more beautiful and brilliant than ever. Oh, Heaven! my heart will break with the happiness of seeing you! Yet, oh, Vivia! I wish God would take you to Himself now."

"Why do you say such things?"

"You look so beaming! so radiant! no sorrow has ever come near you—no shadow has ever obscured those eyes and that brow of light—and, oh! Vivia, this world is so dark with sorrow! Can you escape? can you find a path where they will not fall upon you?" said Theodora in a voice of inexpressible sadness.

"You have been walking in the shadows, *Mignonne*. There are sorrows, but the world is not dark with them."

"In the shadows, oh! yes in the deep shadows of death and the waters of affliction. Do you know what has happened since you went away?"

"Yes, my dear, I know."

"Ah! well let it pass. Since I see you, all is well with me, while for you I hope that Heaven will keep you from the 'common lot,' and give you a life of unexampled happiness!" said Theodora in a voice of prayerful love.

"I thank and bless you, dear, for your sweet affection; but would exemption from sorrow in this world be well?" questioned Vivia; and then without waiting an answer, and wishing to turn the conversation she said—"But you do not ask me after my travelling companions?"

"True!—I thought," began Theodora, and then a fit of trembling seized her, and her voice broke down.

Vivia came to her aid.

"They are for the present my guests at Red Ridge."

Theodora exerted herself and recovered her voice.

"Austin and Helen are well?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"Passably."

"And Wakefield?"

"Wakefield is very well," said Vivia; adding with a smile, "Wakefield has, during our tour of the continent, written a great book of travels, for which I predict—no matter what—I am a personal friend, and my previsions would not therefore be considered infallible."

"A book of travels! Wakefield!"

"Yes, Dora, surprising as it may seem. The title of the book is 'The Old World seen under New Light,' a title that I shall persuade him to change, as in the event of its being published, that title will give occasion for I know not what sarcasms. Even Austin requested to be informed if the 'New Light' referred to in the text was not that young and brilliant luminary of belles-lettres, his friend, Wakefield Brunton, Esquire—a piece of pleasantry that seriously wounded the sensibilities of the author. I have suggested—'Monuments of the Past in the Light of the Present.'" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BORN IN DECEMBER.

[The following lines were found among the papers of the late Capt. George F. Blakeman, who died recently on the voyage from Havana to New York. They were written by him in the year 1845:]

I was born in December, when the winds were high,
And the clouds were black in the raging sky;
I was born in December, when the snow fell fast,
And the large trees bent to the angry blast;
I was born in December, and sprang into life
When heaven and earth were mingled in strife.

I was born in December, in the dead of night,
When the sky was dark, and the ground was white;
And the old nurse said, as she held my form,
And felt the house shake with the fierce night storm,
"He is born in December—I pity the child,
His life, like the night, will be strange and wild."

Oh, many a December has gone thundering by,
With its breezy storms and its cloud-swept sky,
As my cheek grew dark and my form grew stout,
And the beard on my face stole softly out;
I now make my home on the ocean wild—
O'er the mountain seas goes December's child.

Onward I press through the battle of life,
Sometimes in calm, sometimes in strife;
Sometimes alone, encompassed by foes,
But equal to all when thickest the blows;
As bitter my soul as the hour of my birth,
Well filled, I ween, for the winter of earth!

"He was born in December," the old nurse said,
As she lay at last on her calm death-bed;
He will die lamented by generations to pass,
His name will be scattered like leaves in the blast,
He will die in God's time, as a man should die,
With an unstained soul and unblemished eye.

BLOOD THAT WILL NOT WASH OUT.—In Lincoln Cathedral there are two fine rose windows, one of which, it is said, was made by a master workman, and the other by his apprentice, out of the pieces of stained glass the former had thrown aside. These two windows were uncovered on a certain day, and that of the apprentice's construction was declared to be the most magnificent. In a fit of jealousy and chagrin, the master threw himself from the gallery beneath, his boasted *chef d'œuvre*, and was killed upon the spot. The blood-stains upon the floor are declared to be indelible, and are still pointed out to the admiring visitor by the verger in attendance. It is but right to add that I have heard a similar story at another cathedral—I cannot remember which:—At Cothele, a mansion on the banks of the Tamar, the marks are still visible of the blood spilt by the lord of the manor, when, for supposed treachery, he slew the warder of the drawbridge. But these are only to be seen on a *wet day*, and I have heard of a gentleman who was only convinced of the truth of the assertion by a visit during rain. Many similar traditions haunt Cornish and Devonshire houses.—The blood marks at Holyrood I have certainly seen, or, to speak more correctly, *the so-called* blood marks, of the unfortunate Rizzio; and I cannot but think that, for the feelings of the old servant who exhibits the spots, it would be the "unkindest cut of all" to refuse credence to the story. Indeed, a hint at *paint* offends him as much as it might have offended a *belle passee* of the last century.—*Notes and Queries.*

CAUSE OF THE FRENCH INUNDATIONS.—A curious paper, read in the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, expresses the opinion, which will seem strange to many persons, that the inundations with which France is periodically affected, are mainly caused by nothing less than the sirocco from Africa. According to the theory propounded, this terrible wind in passing the sea, sucks up a considerable quantity of water, which it carries to the mountains in the centre, east and south of France, where it discharges it, and, at the same time, increases the volume of the water by melting the snows.

THERE'S A SNAKE IN THE GRASS!

FROM CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

We are entering upon the time of the year for solitary walks—*solus cum sola*; for picnics on the grass, when the denizens of murky towns forsake their vulgar haunts for Nature's drawing-room; and for family parties, in which mamma and papa become suddenly sensible of the bird-like music of their children's voices sounding among the trees. The earth invites us to what old Herbert, in a fine burst of poetry, calls her bridal with the sky; dressed in her fairest and brightest, and in her coronal of virgin flowers, she takes the winds of *June* with beauty; and spreads a carpet for her guests a thousand times richer and softer than any wonder of the loom, and bestrewn with real buds and wreaths instead of mock ones. Can there be any drawback on the happiness of such a scene? There is—there's a snake in the grass.

And two—three—half-a-dozen—a score—and many more snakes; and they are all the more deadly from wearing the appearance of innocent flowers. The most beautiful and poetical of the natural flowers are usually the most poisonous. When you hear the tuneful praises of the small celandine, the white anemone, the golden butter-cup, the graceful narcissus, the fragrant lily, the wild hyacinth or harebell—look if you think fit, but taste not if you would live. A little book is now before us, containing a brief popular description of poisonous plants, the details of which are quite appalling; and the victims, one is surprised to find, are frequently adults as well as children. Mr. Johnson is entitled to the thanks of the whole community, but more especially of parents; and the volume fortunately is generally accessible in point of size, and generally intelligible from the absence of all but the absolutely necessary scientific terms. The general reader will easily learn the names of the parts composing a flower—more easily, as our author remarks, than the figures of a quadrille—and he will then be in smooth water.

"A flower in its most perfect form, consists of four or five series of parts. Externally, the *calyx* or flower-cup, usually of a green hue, as the little leaves at the back of a rose—or the cup that contains the blossom of a primrose, the pieces composing it are called *sepals*. Within the calyx is the *corolla* or blossom, generally the colored and most conspicuous portion of the flower the pieces forming which are called *petals*. Within the corolla are the *stamens*, threads, bearing colored tips called *anthers*; the stamens vary in number from one to many, and they are either free or united to the calyx, corolla, or some other part. In the centre of the flower is the *pistil* or *pistils*, the lower part of which is the *ovary*, becoming afterwards the fruit or seed-vessel. Upon the arrangement, numbers, and other circumstances attaching to these organs, the distinctive characters of plants and their associations are chiefly constructed. The calyx and corolla are sometimes wanting, the flower consisting of stamens and pistils only, and occasionally these two latter occur apart from each other or in separate flowers, which flowers are then said to be *unisexual*. Although varying in appearance in different plants, a very little practice enables a person to recognise the parts of a flower under all the changes to which they are liable. In a few instances, another series of parts is found in a flower, occupying a place between the corolla and the stamens, and partaking of the character of one or other of those organs: such is the cup in the middle of the flower of a narcissus—such are the rays in a passion flower."

The common monkshood, with which children are so much amused as they move the cowl up and down, is one of the most deadly of those snakes in the grass.

"Every part of this plant is a powerful poison, and its action is often too rapid to admit of the effectual administration of remedies. The young leaves have been mistaken for parsley, the root on several occasions for horse-radish; the flavor of them both is totally unlike that of the vegetables for which they have been substituted; but this circumstance is either not attended to at the time, or regarded as too trivial to excite more than a passing remark. The root of the monkshood has an earthy smell, and is bitter to the taste, without any very remarkable pungency at first, but soon produces a slight tingling and a burning sensation, attended with a kind of numbness and contraction of the skin of the tongue and the roof of the mouth; the pricking or tingling soon extends over the body, and a feeling of constriction about the throat, occasionally amounting almost to strangling, induces the patient to frequently grasp it with the hand. The symptoms may vary according to age, constitution, and other circumstances, but headache, confused vision, restlessness, convulsive clenching of the hands and jaw, vomiting and diarrhœa, attended with severe pain in the abdomen, are the most prominent and ordinary. The time of death varies from one to eight hours after the poison has been swallowed, and hopes may be entertained of the patient's recovery if the fatal termination does not ensue within that period."

The deadly nightshade is a name terrifying enough to serve as a warning; but the account of it is worth quoting.

"Its fatal effect seems to have been long known, for there is strong reasons for believing this to have been the poisonous plant which occasioned such disastrous consequences to the Roman troops under Mark Antony, in their retreat from the Parthians. Plutarch, in relating this misadventure, says:—'Those who sought for herbs obtained few that they were accustomed to eat, and in lasting unknown plants, they found one that caused insanity and death. He that had eaten thereof, immediately lost all memory and knowledge, but at the same time would busy himself in turning and moving every stone he met with, as if he were engaged in some very important pursuit. The camp was filled with unhappy men, bending to the ground and digging up and removing stones, till at last they were carried off by a bilious vomiting, when wine, the only remedy, was not at hand.' The Scotch, under Macbeth, are said to have mingled the juice of belladonna with the bread which they supplied to the army of Sweno and Dane during a truce, and by eating which the invaders became stupified, and were murdered at leisure while in that state by their treacherous entertainers. No less than one hundred and five soldiers suffered from its effects near Dresden some time back."

A kindred plant, the henbane, is sometimes mistaken for parsnips.

"A still more remarkable instance of such an error is recorded by Dr. Houlton, in which the roots were eaten by the inmates of a monastery for supper, probably in place of the same esculent vegetable. All who had partaken of them were more or less affected during the night and following day. With some, the actions induced were rather ludicrous. One monk got up at midnight and tolled the bell for matins, while of those who obeyed the summons, some could not read, others repeated what was not in their breviaries, and many were seized with the strangest hallucinations."

On turning to the little book itself, which we hope many of our readers will do, they will find a majority of those wild flowers that have been celebrated by the poets taking high rank among the snakes; and they will be able to warn their children against a tribe of glossy luscious-looming berries whose annual victims we fear are numerous. In the meantime, having mentioned the subject at all, it will be proper to give here Mr. Johnson's directions for treatment in the absence of professional aid.

"It is an unfortunate circumstance, that, in most accidental instances of vegetable poisoning, the quantity taken into the stomach is considerable, and this especially where the article has been substituted for food or its ordinary accompaniments; and that it is at the same time, less open to the administration of antidotes than most mineral substances, whose dangerous qualities may often be neutralised, or even altogether removed by chemical means. Under all circumstances, an emetic should be given, where the patient is capable of swallowing, or vomiting excited by tickling the inside of the throat or back of the mouth with a feather—where no other emetic is at hand, two or three tea-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, stirred in half a pint of warm water, will generally answer the purpose. When the poisonous matter itself occasions vomiting, it should be encouraged to the utmost by frequent draughts of warm water, or as soon as it can be prepared, of thin gruel or barley-water; and when the sickness ceases, after the discharge of the poison by this means, a cup or two of strong coffee or of black tea will be beneficial. Where the poison is of the narcotic class, the stupefaction and tendency to sleep which it occasions should be checked by hurrying the patients about, pouring cold water upon the head, and using every means of excitement possible; as otherwise the vomiting necessary to its removal may not be induced, in consequence of the insensibility of the stomach.

"When some time has elapsed after swallowing the poison, before suspicion arises, and pain and other symptoms indicate that it has reached the bowels, injections of warm water, soap and water, or thin gruel with a little salt, may be employed safely, and especially when vomiting has not occurred to the desired extent, and a difficulty of swallowing—a frequent effect of narcotic-irritant poisoning—prevents the repetition of the means of inducing it. The incapability of swallowing is generally, however, rather spasmodic than continuous, and advantage must be taken of the intervals during which the convulsive action is suspended to administer the emetic."

THE RUSSIAN COUNT AND THE FRENCH COUNTESS.—A story is going about Paris concerning the *deroute* of Count Orloff, who was dispatched, so they say, as a kind of pioneer to the good and staunch old Madame d'A——, the last of her race of Royalists—perhaps the only one who would still refuse wealth and honors from the hands of "M. Bonaparte." Count Orloff had known the old lady in former years, and forgetful of her forked tongue, grown sharper yet with age, ventured, in the character of old friend and quondam pupil in the lighter graces of Parisian life, to give the old countess a word of advice.

"Why not change with your century?" said he persuasively; "nothing is to be done by your party—Royalism and Republicanism are equally *mal portes*. You have two sons; Napoleonism is the order of the day; the Bourbons of '*la bas*' never can come back; be wise in time; your sons have families whose future fortune may be made at once."

He paused, for the fiery black eyes of the countess were glaring at him from beneath her thick gray eyebrows.

"Ha!" exclaimed she, measuring him from top to toe, "M. le Compte, they told me your master had been beaten by this man; but I never could have dreamt it was to this extent."

So gathering up the wools and canvass with which she is always working footstools in fleur de lis for Frohsdorf, she trotted out of the room, leaving the Muscovite astounded at the greatness of the little woman, and the littleness of the mighty autocrat, his master.

SODA WATER.—This is a name generally applied to a common effervescing beverage, but it is incorrect. The effervescent quality is not due to soda and that substance is not present at all in the water publicly sold by that name. The effervescence is produced by carbonic acid gas, and is forced into the water by an apparatus. The gas is produced by pouring sulphuric acid upon marble dust, or upon the super-carbonate of soda.

☞ "How shall I take this old coat apart," said the industrious wife to her waggish husband. "Why, you should know, my dear; you made it it, you know. I should say do it pretty much as you put it together, for as you sew so shall you rip—you know!"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION.

The Anglo Saxon arrived at Quebec on the 10th, with four days later news. The Arago, at New York on the 11th, brings dates to the 30th.

The Canard steamer Zebra, plying between Liverpool and Havre, went ashore on Lizard Point. Her crew and passengers were saved. The Hermann arrived at Southampton on the 26th.

ENGLAND.—A discussion had taken place in Parliament with regard to Spanish affairs. Lord Palmerston, in answer to a question stated that there was nothing at present which led in any way to the interference of the French Government in the affairs of Spain; that the Emperor of France, as a just man, would feel that foreign interference would be unjust. He was also a man of great sagacity, and events had shown that interference heretofore in Spanish difficulties had been attended with disaster to those interfering, and he said there was no reason for apprehending that Napoleon had any such intention.

The London Times mentions a project for starting a line of steamers between Odessa and New York, touching at Marseilles and Smyrna.

The London Morning Advertiser, of Saturday morning, says that the Central American question may be regarded as virtually settled, and will probably be announced in the speech of her Majesty, on the prorogation of Parliament.

The terms agreed on are that the Bay Islands revert to Honduras, that Republic pledging itself never to cede them to any other power, or to allow interference in their affairs. America heartily acquiesces in this arrangement, and joins the triparute with Honduras to carry the agreement into effect. France is also a consenting party to the agreement, and has expressed a readiness to sign the treaty if deemed necessary.

Previous to adjournment of Parliament, Mr. Berkley asked Lord Palmerston when Government would appoint Consuls at New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Lord Palmerston replied that the Government had not as yet taken any steps in reference to the matter.

The Queen's speech was delivered to both Houses of Parliament on the 29th ult. Her Majesty thanks her Lords and Gentlemen in Parliament for their zeal assiduity in public duties, and especially for their support during the past war. Her Majesty says that the prosperity of the nation was not materially checked by the war, but expresses hopes that the general prosperity of her subjects will be augmented by the peace. The Royal speech then proceeds to say that her Majesty "is engaged in negotiations on the subject of questions in connection with affairs with Central America, and hopes that the differences which have arisen on those matters between her government and that of the United States may be satisfactorily adjusted."

Her Majesty takes the opportunity to thank India and her other colonies, for their aid extended during the past war.

The remainder of the speech is wholly devoted to home affairs—particularly to the Country Police, Cambridge University, Joint Stock Companies, County Courts, and to the Coast Guard.

Our advices from Spain continue meagre and unreliable—the telegraphs and public roads being in the hands of the government, whose announcements say that on the 24th ult., the royal troops commenced to bombard the city of Saragossa, whereupon the insurgents within demanded five days cessation of hostilities, which was granted.

Information conveyed to the London press, however, states that although the city of Madrid is quieted, the whole of the important province of Aragon continues in successful revolt. Newspaper correspondents further report that Gen. O'Donnel and the Queen have already had disagreements, and that it is not improbable that Navarez may succeed in the Ministry.

From Italy we have a statement by telegraph of a revolt in the Duchy of Massacarre. We are, however, without any reliable particulars. The Austrian officials state that the movement was insignificant, and that it was promptly suppressed.

The Liverpool cotton market was firm, but quiet, at the prices current at the sailing of the Asia on the 26th ult.

Under the influence of fine weather, and satisfactory reports in regard to the growing crops, the breadstuff markets show a general decline in prices.

The London money market exhibited no new feature, and Consols were firm at about previous rates.

FRANCE.—The intentions of the French Government regarding Spain are the subject of much speculation in Paris. It is said that if O'Donnell is successful, France can have no occasion to interfere. On the other hand, should the Liberals succeed, and the Queen be required to abdicate in favor of the Princess of Austria, with Espartero as Regent, neither would France interfere; but if the Duchess of Montpensier should become next heir to the throne, or should a Republic be proclaimed, then France would invade Spain.

Prince Louise Napoleon has gone on a mission to Madrid.

SPAIN.—The advices from Madrid to the 18th, give the official accounts of the insurrection. The National Guard has been almost entirely disarmed. Domiciliary visits are being made to secure all the arms in the hands of the citizens, and numerous arrests have been made in Madrid.

Of the royal troops, forty or fifty were killed, and about one hundred wounded. The loss of the insurgents is not known.

The fighting at Barcelona continued during two days. A portion of the troops at Saragossa remain faithful to the Queen. The Government is despatching all the available troops towards this last stronghold of the insurrectionists, with orders not to fight in the streets, but to bombard the city from the adjoining forts.

Later advices announce Madrid to be tranquil. Espartero is still there, but O'Donnell has offered him his passports to any port of Spain, or abroad.

Private accounts say that the royal troops showed great ferocity at Madrid, having butchered several companies of the National Guards after their surrender.

Marshal Narvaez offered his services to General O'Donnell when the insurrection commenced. He had been appointed Minister to Paris.

PARIS, July 24.—The royal troops are masters of every point, but they still remain under arms.

The London Sun says that 1,200 men were killed in the streets of Barcelona, where the people fought for three days behind the barricades with great intrepidity. They gave up only when their leaders deserted them.

There is now no doubt whatever that a large army is being concentrated on the Pyrenees with extraordinary speed. There has been some agitation at Bayonne, owing to the dearness of food. A battalion of Chasseurs was sent there from Paris the day before yesterday.

The recent troubles among the Mormons in Copenhagen were on the subject of polygamy. One party objected to the practice, but a large majority upheld it. The police were called upon to decide.

A court martial has been held on the mutineers of the North Tipperary militia. Four are sentenced to death, and two more are handed over for trial by the civil power.

Accounts from the Southern Tyrol state that the grape disease is making great ravages in that country.

The King of Naples has made his answer, and the following is the substance of it:—"His Majesty thanks the Governments of France and England for their counsels. He wishes to act with clemency and to introduce reforms, but in such matters believes himself the competent judge of the time and proper mode of so doing. At this moment they would not be suitable to his dignity and independence, still less would it be fitting to recall those who are banished, and liberate those who are imprisoned."

STILL LATER.—The Canada brings dates to the 2nd instant. The accounts from Spain are conflicting, but the indications are that the Royalists have triumphed, and that Saragossa will soon be reduced.

The King of Belgium contradicts the report of his contemplated abdication.

Advices from Stockholm mention that great excitement prevailed among the Diplomats, in consequence of the proclamation made by Norway against the Russian encroachments on the Norwegian Territory, and planning fortifications along the Baltic Coasts.

The Austrians are making preparations for crossing the Po at four different points.

LIVERPOOL, August 1.—The Cotton market is firm, with an advance of 1-16. The sales for the week reach 60,000 bales, including 10,000 bales on speculation.

The influences that have strengthened the Cotton market, are the return of splendid weather, the American advices, small receipts, and the signs of returning confidence at Manchester. There seems to be growing opinion that the prices of Cotton at Liverpool will rule higher during the season.—Great stringency in the Money market imposes a slight check upon speculation, but this tightness is considered as merely temporary.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, Aug. 1.—The accounts from the Agricultural districts are favorable and a decline of 2s a barrel in flour has occurred during the week. Wheat has declined 2d, and Corn 6d.

PROVISIONS.—Beef is dull, the market is unchanged in price. Sales of Cleveland at 70s a77s 6d. Best brand 105s a 117s 6d.

Pork unchanged and business limited. Bacon heavier. Iron unchanged in every respect.

American stocks active, but unchanged.

Sugar unchanged; and the market quiet; sales at 34s 6d; chandlers 40s 6d; salted hams 54s 6d.

Lard unchanged, with a moderate demand. There have been small arrivals from France.

Naval stores.—No crude turpentine or tar in the market. Wine coals in scarce at 11s. Spirits of turpentine quiet at 35s 6d a 36s. Common resin is 6s 6d.

Linseed Oil, 37s 6d and 38s. Pale Rape Oil, 42s.

Bark.—None in market. Baltimore bark is worth 10s. and Philadelphia 12s a 13s. 6d.

Dye woods are firm, but prices unchanged.

Ashes unchanged.

Rice quiet.

Sugar opened with a large speculative demand, but closed dull and declining.

Coffee unchanged.

POLITICAL NEWS.

WHO WILL WHEEL THE APPLES?—It is said that Maj. Poore's wager has been taken, namely, that if Fillmore does not receive more votes than Fremont in Massachusetts, he, Poore, will wheel a barrel of apples on a wheelbarrow from Newburyport to Boston, or, if Fillmore receives the most, the taker of the bet shall convey the apples in the same way from Boston to Newburyport.

CONNECTICUT.—The State Conventions of the Republican and American parties met at Hartford on the 6th, and united on the same Fremont electoral ticket—Henry Dutton and Julius Catlin being the electors at large. Strong resolutions were adopted in favor of Freedom, Free Speech, and Fremont.

NEW JERSEY.—A Democratic State Convention met recently at Trenton, and nominated Colonel Alexander as the Democratic candidate for Governor.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A Fillmore State Convention met at Harrisburg on the 5th, and selected a full electoral ticket for Fillmore and Donelson.

A proposition was made to form a fusion ticket, but it met with much opposition, and although Mr. Edie and others urged a postponement of the question, the vote was taken, and it was rejected, yeas 72, nays 18.

The following is the electoral ticket selected:—

Hon. Andrew Stewart, Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, Senatorial. 1 Armstrong C. Fiammerfelt; 2 Henry White; 3 Joseph J. Raley, jr.; 4 Henry D. Moore; 5 Daniel O. Hitner; 6 Isaac Newton; 7 Caleb N. Taylor; 8 John C. Myers; 9 Samuel Keneagy; 10 Henry W. Snyder; 11 Kember Cleaver; 12 Robert F. Clew; 13 Samuel Yoke; 14 To be filled; 15 Geo. W. Youngman; 16 Josiah V. Heshour; 17 D. S. Duffield; 18 George W. Patton; 19 Jos. R. Kuhns; 20 John H. Wells; 21 Wm. A. Wright; 22 Henry Phillips; 23 John M. D. Nesbit; 24 James N. Hetherington; 25 James Webster.

The President of the Convention then appointed the following Executive Committee:—

Senatorial—John P. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, and Wm. H. Irwin, of Mifflin.

Representatives—R. C. Smith, A. C. Waterman, Wm. Nichols, Joseph Hutty, and Wm. F. Smith, of Philadelphia; Reuben Guth, of Lehigh; Davis B. Stacey, of Delaware; Peter Martin, of Lancaster; David E. Stone, of Berks; Samuel Sillyman, of Schuylkill; E. F. Stewart, of Northampton; C. E. Lathrop, of Luzerne; C. P. Wells, of Bradford; Edmund Blanchard, of Centre; J. J. Clyde, of Harrisburg; John A. Baker, of Perry; Francis Jordan, of Bedford; Wm. H. Koontz, of Somerset; William A. Cook, of Westmoreland; Mr. Smith, of Fayette; B. F. C. Morgan and Samuel Morrow, of Alleghany; Leffert Hart, of Erie; H. B. Swope, of Clearfield; and Geo. W. Lathy, of Clarion.

A resolution was then offered empowering the above committee to fill the vacancy in the 14th District. Pending its consideration, the following substitute was offered:—

Resolved, That no committee—no matter by whom appointed—except for death or resignation, shall have power to change the Fillmore Electoral ticket.

The resolution was debated at considerable length, amid various motions to adjourn sine die, when it was finally tabled. The original resolution was then adopted.

The Electoral ticket has been completed by the Committee's selection of C. F. Wells for the Fourteenth District.

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democratic State Convention re-assembled at Chambersburg on the 6th, to supply the vacancy in the State ticket, caused by the withdrawal of Timothy Ives, for Surveyor General. On the eighth ballot, John Rowe, of Franklin county, was nominated, the vote standing—Alexander, 4; Wallace, 48; Rowe, 60.

GONE OVER.—Hon. Percy Walker, of Alabama, one of those who played such an amusing part at the American Convention in this city, to effect the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson—even seceding, and then coming back again—recently announced his intention, in the House of Representatives, to vote for Buchanan.

COL. FREMONT'S RELIGION.—Lieut. Governor Raymond is out in a letter in the Cincinnati Gazette, stating that the rumor that Col. Fremont is a Catholic, is without the slightest foundation in fact. He says:—

"I presume that, from proper motives of delicacy and self-respect, Col. Fremont will not publish anything himself on the subject, or take any part personally in the canvass. But he converses with the utmost freedom upon these topics as upon all others; he has no desire or disposition to practice any concealment of his religious opinions; and I have no reason to suppose that he would desire others to do so on his behalf.

"Col. Fremont is not now, nor has he ever been, a Roman Catholic. His father dying when he was five years old, he was educated exclusively in Protestant schools and at the age of sixteen was confirmed, of his own motion and from sincere conviction, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which one of his own children has ever been sent to a Roman Catholic school, though I believe an adopted daughter attended for a short time the seminary at Georgetown, of which the pupils generally are largely Protestant. That this ought not to be construed to his prejudice, even by the most zealous Protestants, is sufficiently shown by the fact that Mr. Fillmore sent his own daughter to a Roman Catholic seminary at Buffalo for purposes of special instruction; yet no one ever inferred from this circumstance that he himself was not a Protestant.

"Col. Fremont's marriage was celebrated by a Catholic priest; but this was in consequence of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of procuring any other clergyman to perform it. The ceremony was in a private room, was very short and simple, and did not imply any assent on his part, or that of his wife, to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; nor was either of them required or requested on that occasion to give any pledges that their children should be brought up in that faith. They have all been baptized and educated in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"The statements which Alderman Fulmer, of this city, is said to have authorized, to the effect that in March, 1852, he saw Col. Fremont joining in the religious services of a Roman Catholic Church at Washington, and that in subsequent conversation with him at dinner at Brown's Hotel, Col. Fremont declared himself a Catholic and a believer in the peculiar doctrines of that Church, are entirely untrue.

"Col. Fremont was not in the City of Washington at all during the year 1852, &c."

THE ELECTIONS.—As we go to press, the returns are parually uncertain, but the most reliable are as follows:—

KENTUCKY ELECTION.—Louisville, Aug. 11.—As near as can be determined, from the complete and incomplete returns received from sixty-eight counties in the State, there appears to be a Democratic gain of 7,446.

MISSOURI.—Polk, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and the entire Democratic State ticket, is elected. Carruthers, Anderson, Woodson, Craig, Blair, Green, and Phelps are elected to Congress. Benton, and Blair (for Congress)—son of F. P. Blair, the Republican leader—carried the St. Louis District.—The official vote of St. Louis county for Governor, gives Benton 5,363; Ewing, K. N., 4,713; Polk, anti-Benton, 2,781. The official vote for Congress, gives Blair (Benton) 6,033; Kennett, K. N., 5,549; Reynolds, anti-Benton, 2,181.

The Americans are supposed to have carried a majority of the Congressional delegation, owing to the split in the Democratic vote. Official returns from 38 counties give Polk 21,834; Ewing 22,573; Benton 14,777. The returns from 41 counties elect 21 Americans, 20 Benton Democrats, 17 regular Democrats, and 6 Whigs to the House. It is reported that 3 Americans, 3 Democrats, and 2 Benton Democrats are elected to the Senate.

ARKANSAS.—LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 9.—Sufficient returns have been received to show that Conway (Dem.) has carried the State over Yell, his American competitor. Conway's majority will range, according to present appearances, from 3,000 to 5,000.

The Legislature is largely Democratic, and Warner and Greenwood, Democrats, are both elected to Congress.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 11.—Further returns have been received from the Arkansas election by which it appears that Philip and Desha counties have given American majorities and St. Francis a Democratic majority.

ALABAMA.—MOBILE, Aug. 9.—The election has resulted very favorably to the Democrats—fully as much so as at the last trial, but the general vote is much lighter than it then was.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Bragg (Dem.) is elected Governor by an increased majority—it may be by 8,000. The Democrats have gained twenty members of the Legislature.

IOWA.—The Republicans have made a clean sweep, carrying the Governor, both members of Congress, and the Legislature. Fifteen counties give 4,180 Republican majority, and two (Dubuque and Des) 1,050 Democratic. Buchanan county gives 250 majority for the Republicans. The returns from twenty-five counties give the Republicans 4,500 majority.

MR. BUCHANAN.—Mr. Buchanan, and a number of his personal and political friends, reached Bedford Springs about 12 o'clock last Saturday night, and was welcomed with much enthusiasm. Mr. Buchanan is in good health and spirits. He will remain several weeks.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The recent vote re-electing President S. Brooks was 7,922. The Congressional vote in 1842, was about 1,200 greater. It is probable that a number of those who did not vote, may not have approved of his conduct; but there being no contest, the vote would naturally be smaller.

MARYLAND.—The old Whig Senators, Pratt and Pearce, are out in favor of Buchanan—so allowing the contest to be between him and Fremont.

ELECTIONS.—The following States hold their elections prior to the Presidential election in November:—

Vermont	Sept 2	Pennsylvania	Oct. 14
California	Sept 4	Ohio	Oct. 14
Maine	Sept 8	Indiana	Oct. 14
Florida	Oct. 6	South Carolina	Oct. 14

MAINE, Florida and Indiana vote for Governor. Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee are down in some of the lists, but their State elections are only biennial, and do not occur this year.

JUDGE MCLEAN'S POSITION.—The Cincinnati Gazette says it has been requested to say that the statement that Judge McLean intends to support Mr. Fillmore, which has been extensively copied by the newspapers, is incorrect.

HON. JOHN M. CLAYTON.—It is stated by the Washington Union that, on the 24th ult., Senator Bayard, of Delaware, addressed a large Democratic meeting at Dover, in that State, and in the course of his speech remarked that his colleague in the Senate, the Hon. John M. Clayton, would under no circumstances, support either Fremont or Fillmore for the Presidency. The Union understands that this announcement was made with the entire approval of Mr. Clayton.

HEROISM OF A YOUNG LADY.—The Boston Courier, speaking of the burning of the steamer John Jay, on Lake George, says:

"The nobility of Miss Kate Gore's conduct during the excitement and the struggle for life on board the John Jay, rises to the dignity and sublimity of poetry. She was travelling under the protection of her friend and neighbor, Mr. Pritchard; and when danger was imminent, she turned to him, "Sir, take care of Mrs. Pritchard; I can swim." Thus saying, she tripped forward, with a mind composed and a determination fixed, and passed over the side of the burning vessel. The distance from the shore was then over a mile; but she—relying upon her own strength and courage, and being unwilling to embarrass others who might have dearer charges—undertook to save herself. She swam a mile, and became exhausted. A good boatman, observing that she failed, pushed to her relief and succeeded in reaching her in time. He took her into his skiff and landed her safely. She, in a transport of joy, and true to that nature, which is always grand, rewarded him with a gift more precious to his manly heart than gold." [We suppose that last is the romantic way of saying she kissed him.]

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—Mr. J. C. Rogers, a young man engaged on this paper as a compositor, came to the office yesterday morning, and told the hands that he was unfit for work. Being asked what ailed him, he said that he dreamed during the night that he saw his mother in her coffin, and the dream was so vivid, and had affected him so deeply, that he could not work. He remained about the office all day, much depressed in spirits, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he received a telegraphic despatch, announcing to him that his mother was dead. The lady had enjoyed perfect health, to within a few hours of her death, and no communication whatever had been received warning him of her illness. We have examined into these facts carefully, and can vouch for them. The communication of the circumstances of the terrible dream was made seven or eight hours before the telegraphic despatch was sent. Publicity would not be given to this singular occurrence if there existed a shadow of doubt as to the entire truth of the main facts. The death took place on the morning of yesterday, at Niagara, C. W., 128 miles from Detroit.—*Detroit Advertiser of Aug. 2.*

A REPTILE A YEAR IN A CHILD'S STOMACH.—Yesterday afternoon, a little girl three and a half years old, was relieved of a worm which, by some means unknown, had found his way into her stomach. The parents of the child had been unable to ascertain the cause of distress that she had felt, and the cessation of her growth. For a year past not an inch had been added to her stature. Yesterday morning she was induced to swallow a quantity of vinegar, and a large worm at once was thrown off her stomach, evincing the utmost liveliness. It was some two and a half or three inches long, nearly an inch around, and a greenish gray color. Probably the reptile had been swallowed when small, in water drank by the child. The incident should induce caution. Never drink or allow a child to drink in the dark, or without first examining the water. The worm was taken by the mother to a physician, in whose charge it was given.—*Rochester Union.*

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—Something very strange is reported to have occurred on Pea Ridge, in Lincoln County, Tennessee, a few days ago. A horse and plough—so the story goes—which a farmer was using in his field sunk and disappeared in the earth, leaving a hole to which no bottom has yet been found, and in which the farmer himself came near falling. His neighbors were called to the place, who, by means of ropes, let him down in search of the horse and plough, to the depth of 40 or 50 feet, but the farther he went, the larger the hole appeared, and he called to his friends to pull him up, which they did. Several unsuccessful attempts were afterwards made to fathom the hole. The horse and plough have "gone the way of all the earth."

THE WILD WOMAN.—The history of the wild woman, who caused so much excitement in Cincinnati recently, has at length been found out. J. W. Northcott, the person who had charge of her, has for many years been a resident of Shreveport, La., and his real name is Joe Williams, while the "the wild woman" is Ann E. Paul, well-known in that town as mistress of Williams. The whole affair was a scheme got up by Williams for speculation. Having availed himself of the description of the capture of a wild man some years ago, which was written for the purpose of playing off a hoax, he adapted it to Ann Eliza, and with what success we have before mentioned.—*Exchange.*

HON. CHARLES SUMNER.—Since this gentleman left Cape May, where he was the guest of the Rev. William H. Furness, of our city, he has been under the medical treatment of Dr. R. M. S. Jackson, at Cresson, in Cambria county, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His health is improving, although he is yet much debilitated. The bracing air of this favorite summer resort, together with the excellent hotel advantages offered by the proprietor of the Mountain House, Mr. Reamer, have rendered it a spot much esteemed by valetudinarians, as well as by those in pursuit of recreation.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. MCHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 108 Walnut Street.

The following were the opening quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 per ct		
" "	[illegible]	—
" "	[illegible]	—
" "	[illegible]	—
Phila 6 per ct	101	102
" " new	—	—
" "	—	—
Cam City 6 per ct	—	—
Phila 6 per ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy city 6 per ct	—	—
" county	—	—
Alle no P RR 6's	88	—
Penn "	—	—
" "	—	—
" " coupon	85	86
Penn 6 per ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	103
Penn RR 6 per ct	100	101
2d m'rt loan '57	—	—
C & Am RR 6 per ct	70	80
Hen Mea RR "	100	—
P G & N RR "	—	—
Reading RR "	80	90
" Mort "	90	95
H & Lan RR "	90	95
P & E RR "	90	95
Ohio Va RR "	90	95
Tenn RR "	90	95
Phil Wil & Bal "	—	—
'50 RR 6 per ct	100	101
Long I RR "	70	75
Sch Nav '82 "	90	95
Lehigh Nav "	90	95
" "	90	95
C & D Cl "	90	95
Sus & Tid '58 "	90	95
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Cam & Amboy	121	122
Penna	60	60½
Sus Meadow	30	35
North Penna	14	15
Phil Ger & Nor	60	65

	Bid.	Asked.
Reading	63	63½
" preferred	—	50
Minehill	50½	55
Har & Lan	54½	55½
Chester Valley	4	6
Tioga	16	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Bald	12½	13
Long Island	15	16
CANAL STOCKS.		
Schuyl Nav	18	19½
" preferred	20	25½
Lehigh Nav	75	76
Morris	135	14
" preferred	103	104
C & Del	—	93
Union	9½	10
Sus & Tidewater	10½	11
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	154	157
Penna	1314	113
Farmers	1355	139
Far & Mec	103	104
Commercial	93	94
N Liberty	60	65
Mechanics	202	204
Southwark	81	—
P Township	41½	42
Kensington	60	70
Girard	114	115
Commerce	99	100
Man & Mech	30	32
Commerce	98	99
Tradesman's	93	—
City	84	844
Consolidation	264	30
United States	—	14
Pittsburg	80	—
M & M Fitts	60	63
Ex'ge Fitts	58	—
Kentucky	1004	103
Northern, Ky	108	112
Louisville, Ky	107	110
Farmers, Ky	106	109
Bank of N'O, Tenn	100	—
Planf's, Tenn	95	100
Com & R Vicks	5	6
N O Gas Lt	117	120

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market was somewhat better, and rather more disposition to operate. Sales of 500 bbls Howard street at $7, at nine with rather more buyers than sellers. Also, 1,000 bbls City Mills at $7, and 800 Ohio held at $7. Baltimore 'Change of 300 bbls of Howard street and City Mills at $7.

FAMILY AND EXTRA FLOUR.—We now quote Baltimore manufactured Family Flour at $7.25; extra do at $7.25; Howard street and Ohio Family Flour at $7.

RYE FLOUR.—We quote at $4.50 @ $5.

CORN MEAL.—Sales of yellow chosen kiln-dried country at $3. We quote city at $3.62½ @ $3.75, with some sales.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—WHEAT.—There was a firmer feeling in the market, and prices a shade better. About 20,000 bus offered, and mostly sold at $1.40 @ 1.45 for ordinary to fair white; good to prime do $1.50 @ 1.60; and choice $1.65; red, good to prime, $1 45 @ 1.50. Most of the off-comings were sold.

CORN.—There were 15,000 bus offered, and sales of white at 80c; yellow 82c.

OATS.—There were 3,000 bus offered, and sales at 39c.

RYE.—None offered. We quote Maryland at 68c; Pennsylvania 70c.

SEEDS.—Transactions limited. We quote Clover, in small lots, at $cwt 7c. Timothy $2.50@2.62½ ₱ bus.

WHISKEY.—The market is quiet; transactions moderate. Small sales of city at 24c, and Ohio 23@24c. Rates rule higher Receipts.

Aug. 11.—Howard street Flour is steady, with sales at $7; City Mills has declined 25 cts; 300 bbls were sold at $6.87½. Wheat has declined full 5 cts. The receipts have been 5,000 bus, and the market closes dull. Sales of White Corn at 80@82; Yellow 82@83c.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
August 11th, 1856.

The unsettled state of the weather having operated unfavorably on business, the transactions of the past week have been only moderate in most of the leading articles. In Dry Goods there has been a fair demand to note with the Commission Houses; most of the large Western Jobbers have left, but our own city dealers have been buying quite freely in anticipation of an early opening of Fall trade, which is now about to commence. Brown and Bleached Cottons are without change of any kind firm; Prints are without change, and all desirable styles being full prices; Ticks, Checks and Ginghams a shade; Canton Flannels and Print Cloths continue firm. In Woolens there are no changes of any moment, and a good steady business is now in Cloths, Cassimeres, and Sattinets. In the general Produce markets, moderate sales have been generally reported by the late advices from abroad, and the prices rule much closer in favor of the buyer. Rice is nearly at the late advance. The Cotton market has been very quiet, but with little or no alteration in quotations. Coal and Iron are moving off rather more freely at steady rates. Groceries and Provisions continue fairly held but without much movement to notice in the way of sales. Hides and Leather are dull and heavy, with light stocks to operate in. Lumber rules dull. In Naval Stores we notice a better feeling in Spirits Turpentine, and prices are on the advance. Seeds continue scarce and in request at fully former rates. Whiskey is rather lower, and Wool meets with a steady demand at previous prices. In other articles, there are no changes of any consequence to notice since the close of last week.

ASHES.—Continue steady, with moderate transactions.

BARK.—Quercitron is scarce with further small receipts and sales at $33 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark meets with a steady demand at $22 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX.—Moves off slowly, at about 27c ₱ lb for good Yellow.

CANDLES.—Adamantine are scarce and in request, with further small sales at 25c@ ₱ lb. In other kinds the demand continues limited and prices the same.

COAL.—The demand is more active. The increased rates of toll to be charged on and after the first of next month has caused some little stir in the market, and orders are coming in more freely. Anthracite continues dull and borne the same story. Allegheny Coal remains dull, the last sales were at the former rates.

COFFEE.—There has been very little animation in the market; receipts are light and holders are firm in their demands, but buyers have come forward slowly, and only about 3,000 bags have been disposed of at 10@11c for Rio. 11@11½c for Laguayra, and 11c for St. Domingo—all on the usual credit.

COTTON.—The market has ruled exceedingly quiet. Within the last day or two, however, there has been a little more inquiry from manufacturers, many of whom are bare of stock; the demand is limited, and only about 900 bales have found buyers at nearly steady rates, ranging from 11¾@12c for Uplands, and 13½@13¾c for Orleans. All on the usual terms.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Transactions have been rather more active, and we note a carge of 50 casks Sal Soda, in transitu for Liverpool, to-day, on private terms. Bi-Carb Soda is in good demand, and 100 bbls sold at 3½c. Alum is in moderate request at $2.50 ₱ 100 lbs. Cream Tartar is in fair demand at 30c for crystals. Bi-Chromate of Potash is in request at 12½c. Nothing new in other articles, and but little doing.

OILS.—Linseed Oil continues active, with further sales at late rates, the latter for Winter. Linseed is also selling more freely at 93@95c. In Sperm and Whale Oil there is not much doing, but holders are firm in their demands.

PROVISIONS.—The market remains quiet, but there is a little more disposition, on the part of buyers, to operate, and prices are nominally unchanged. Mess Pork is quoted at $17@17.50, and City Mess Beef at $13@13.50 ₱ bbl, and very little selling. In Bacon there has been a fair demand for Hams, and about 300 casks have been taken by the trade, at 10 cts for canvass, 10½ cts for sugar cured at 12@12½c, and Shoulders at 10½@11c, without much doing. Green Meats continue scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. Of Lard some 200 bbls No. 2 and 3 sold at 11c, on time; Prime is worth 12@12½c for bbls, and 13@13½c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is selling more freely, on arrival, at 14@15c for good Western packed.—Cheese—No change, and transactions moderate at 7@8c ₱ lb.

PLASTER is scarce, with further sales of soft at $3, and a cargo of hard at $2.50 ₱ ton.

RICE remains quiet, and sales are mostly in a retail way at 4@4½c ₱ lb.

SALT.—Fine is firm. An import of 450 sack Ashton's, and some 3,000 sacks part ground, was sold before arrival, on terms not public. Two arrivals.

SEEDS.—There is very little Clover or Timothy Seed offering, and the transactions are mostly from second hands at $4 for the former, and $3.5 as for the latter; 300 bushels prime Seed Clover brought our highest figures, and 100 bags Timothy a shade less, $4 ₱ bus. Flax seed is in steady demand at $1.65 at $1.70 ₱ bus for domestic.

SPIRITS.—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin, but prices are fully sustained; a cargo of the former has just arrived from Rochelle. N. E. Rum is scarce and firm at 4c sale. Whiskey is rather lower, with a small business doing in bbls at about 24@25c, mostly at 25c for Easton; 26c for drudge, and 29c for bbls.

SUGARS are held more firmly under the news from abroad, but there has been very little doing this week, sales only reach some 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 8½@8¾c, on the usual terms; part to go West.

TALLOW is rather less active, and sales range at 10½@11c, mostly at the former rate for city rendered.

TEAS remain quiet, but without any particular alteration to note.

TOBACCO.—The receipts and stocks continue light, and prices are fully sustained. No change in manufactured and business moderate.

WINES.—Are firm, but the transactions have been limited.

WOOL meets with a fair inquiry to go East, at steady rates, and about 150,000 lbs have been taken in lots among which are Unwashed at 28@30c. Merino Pulled at 30c. Half-blood Fleece at 45c. Three-quarter do at 48c, and Full-blood and Prime at 52c per lb, cash and time.

LUMBER.—Remains dull; the receipts and sales of White and Yellow Pine boards are light, and prices range at 11@12c for the former, and $12@14 for the latter. A cargo of Southern flooring sold at an average of near $18. Spruce Lumber is arriving more freely, and sales are reported at $ 3,5@16. Laths have also been selling to some extent at $1.25@1.37½ ₱ M.

LIME.—The market is active, but the want of stock limits operations, and prices have an upward tendency.

MOLASSES.—There is a good demand from the trade, but the stock is nearly all out of first hands. The late imports of some 200 hhds, mostly Cuba, were disposed of previously on terms not public.

NAVAL STORES.—Spts Turpentine is held in few hands, and having better prices, sales of 40 bbls having been made at 36c @ gal, cash and time, it is now held higher. 1900 bbls common Rosin sold at $1.45@1.50 ₱ bbl. Nothing new in other articles, and but little doing.

OILS.—Lard Oil continues active, with further sales at late at 84@85c, the latter for Winter. Linseed is also selling more freely at 93@95c. In Sperm and Whale Oil there is not much doing, but holders are firm in their demands.

PROVISIONS.—The market remains quiet, but there is a little more disposition, on the part of buyers, to operate, and prices are nominally unchanged. Mess Pork is quoted at $17@17.50, and City Mess Beef at $13@13.50 ₱ bbl, and very little selling. In Bacon there has been a fair demand for Hams, and about 300 casks have been taken by the trade, at 10 cts for canvass, 10½ cts for sugar cured at 12@12½c, and Shoulders at 10½@11c, without much doing. Green Meats continue scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. Of Lard some 200 bbls No. 2 and 3 sold at 11c, on time; Prime is worth 12@12½c for bbls, and 13@13½c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is selling more freely, on arrival, at 14@15c for good Western packed.—Cheese—No change, and transactions moderate at 7@8c ₱ lb.

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"TROTTING OUT" LONGFELLOW.

But to add to the rest of this up-the-Mississippi trip, you must know that the good boat *Northern Belle* also bore as one of her passengers the veritable Longfellow. The Historical Society had extended to the poet an invitation to be present at the corner-stone laying, and a distinctly marked trunk, "H. W. Longfellow," coming on board, settled the fact that the author of Hiawatha was one of our number. But which is he? was the oft repeated question; and none answered except to guess. At the table each one was looking most intently at the other, to divine which was the poet, and all wondered why every one stared so. This man was pronounced the poet because he wore a moustache; the one because he shaved clean; and we noted that the fact as to who was Longfellow, was settled either by the excess or lack of hair. This doubt in a few hours became unendurable, and the universal cry was to "trot out" Longfellow. Finally, by the aid of the clerk, the number of his state-room was ascertained to be 30, and a guard placed at either door of 30 so that no one could escape thence undetected. Soon the door opened, and Longfellow passed to the deck where were assembled the curious. It was arranged that an old Virginia Major, who had faced the red men in their most savage days at Fort Snelling, should draw from the mysterious passenger an admission that he was the poet Longfellow. The Major, by his age and, fund of information regarding the Indians, was a privileged character on board, and stepping up to the occupant of 30, slapped him on the shoulder with,—

"Well, old chap, they say you are Longfellow."

"That is my name, sir," was the answer.

"Well," persevered the Major, "are you H. W. Longfellow?"

"I am," replied the now observed of all observers.

"Well," continued the Major, "are you Longfellow, author of—of—of—, what do you call it?"

"Hiawatha!" replied a dozen voices.

"Oh, yes! are you H. W. Longfellow, author of Hiawatha?"

All eyes were now riveted upon him of state-room 30, for the answer to so direct a question must determine the interesting query. We leave our readers to imagine the scene, when the close questioned occupant of 30 said:

"I am H. W. Longfellow, a shoemaker at St. Paul."

You had better believe that curiosity was sewed up with a "waxed end" in a very short space of time! Say that reply; a shower of "lap stones" could not more effectually have scattered that party; they started to their feet as if sitting on a "bristle." The "Song of Hiawatha," of which at least twenty copies had, up to that moment been constantly open, vanished into satchels, and the poetry of the trip was suddenly changed into the matter-of-fact article of shoe-leather.—*Correspondence of the Cleveland Herald.*

THE OUTCOME OF "SPIRITUALISM"—HORRIBLE AFFAIRS IN BORDENTOWN, *N. J.*—The following particulars of some most singular circumstances which have recently taken place at Bordentown, N. J., are said to be strictly true—the names are suppressed for obvious reasons:

An individual residing in Bordentown, who has been for some time a believer in spiritualism and its accompanying delusions, had a son who returned from Albany in a dying condition with consumption, last week, and on Friday or Saturday he died. The deceased had previously been engaged to a young lady aged about seventeen, now residing in the house of her intended father-in-law, and she too, is a firm believer in the spiritual notions as well as her lover and his father. On Sunday morning last, with the consent of the young man's father, this young lady was *married to the corpse* by the "Spiritual ceremony," which was performed through a boy who acted as medium! The young lady was attired in all the usual bridal paraphernalia at the ceremony, and after it was over the funeral of the deceased took place. It was attended, we learn, by upwards of two thousand persons from Bordentown and vicinity, who had been attracted to the spot by a morbid curiosity.

The young lady acted at the grave like one really possessed with an evil spirit; she raved and flung herself into the grave, and was with great difficulty borne from the spot to the residence of the madman whom she regards as her father-in-law. Since the funeral she lives at his house, and at meals a plate, cup, and a portion of all the condiments of the table are set apart for the dead man, whose empty chair these victims of demonism supposed to be tenanted by his spiritual body.

The unfortunate young lady is the daughter of respectable parents who formerly resided in Burlington, but who have removed to California, whither she intends following them.

THE SAN FRANCISCO INSURRECTION.—The President communicated to the Senate on the 6th, a reply to the resolution calling for information relative to the recent affairs in San Francisco, together with the correspondence upon the subject.

A letter from the Governor of California asks the President for 3,000 stand of muskets or rifles, with fifty rounds of ammunition, two mortars, 300 shells, and two guns of large calibre, with their ammunition and appliances, promising that they shall be paid for or returned. He likewise asks the use of the military and naval forces of the United States to suppress the insurrection.

The President conceiving there was insuperable obstacles to the action demanded, referred the subject to the Attorney General, of whose decision he approves.

Mr. Cushing, in his opinion, argues that there is no evidence in the Governor's statement or other authentic information, that in what has occurred at San Francisco, there was committed, or threatened, any act of resistance or obstruction to the constitution, laws, or official authority of the United States.

The President is only to be moved to action by the Legislature of the State in which the insurrection exists, or if by the Executive only when such Legislature cannot be convened, and when imminent or extreme public disaster can be averted only by such interposition of the Federal Government. He says the whole constitutional power of California has not been exerted, and it does not appear that the Governor took any steps to convene the Legislature, although that remedy might have been adopted, and had its effectual application to the existing evils long before any such remedy could be demanded from the President.

EXPELLED FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.—"*Zion's Herald*" states that the Rev. George D. Boardman has been expelled from his pastorate in Barnwell, S. C., for declining to attend a public meeting to express approbation of Mr. Brooks' conduct. Mr. Boardman, having no wish to participate in the meeting, was not present, whereupon a Committee was despatched to his residence to inquire the reason. Mr. B. quietly replied that he preferred to have no part in the proceedings. Upon this he was required to give a categorical answer to the question whether he sympathised with Mr. Sumner and his views. To which Mr. B. answered in substance that he wished not to be thus catechized, but if he must answer, he could do no otherwise as an honest man than to say yes. This was enough, and he was at once told that he could have *twenty-four hours to leave the place!* Resistance or refusal was useless; and making such arrangements as he could in that brief period, Mr. Boardman took his departure for the North. Mr. Boardman is a son of the Maine missionary of that name.

GARIBALDI IN ITALY.—Gen. Garibaldi, on leaving the little island of Caprera, (which he has purchased), went to the baths of Voltagi, where the young men of the place gave him a serenade. On the following day Garibaldi thanked them in a letter, of which the following is the concluding passage:

"Young people of the rising generation, you are called to accomplish God's great design, as manifested to the great men of Italy in every age—the unity of the great people that produced the Archimides, the Scipios, and the Immanuel Philiberts. The Italians in every province of the peninsula are ready to rally to the glorious flag you carry; and, for my part, glad that I can fulfil my vow for Italy, I shall give to it, thanks be to God, the remainder of my life.

"GUISEPPE GARIBALDI."

FAILURE OF A GRAIN SPECULATION FOR $3,000,000.—It is believed that the liabilities of M. Place will prove even greater than was anticipated, and that, so far from being inferior to $3,000,000, they will exceed this sum. The Duke of Galleria positively loses $1,000,000; M. M. Ernest, Andre & Co., Count de Morny, the Pereires, lose about $300,000 apiece. M. Place was a marine painter before the golden fever attacked Paris, and began his adventurous career with nothing but wind. He is said to have been the owner of those immense quantities of grain at Chicago which have attracted so much attention, and he lost heavily by stock speculations.—*Paris Correspondent of the Boston Atlas, June 9.*

A FAST HORSE.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin tells of a horse that recently died in Oregon, Ill. He was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time. He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rockford, 25 miles, was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, has been heard to say that during six years past he has ridden him upwards of twenty thousand miles, and that during all this time he was never known to trip or stumble so as to arrest the rider's attention. He was savage, because he was formerly a wild horse on the plains of Arkansas.

JUDGE TERRY.—A California paper says: "Judge Terry has from the outset of the present difficulty been one of the most prominent Law and Order men. He has indeed been the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. What are his antecedents? He is a fighting man, a regular scion of modern chivalry. He has repeatedly been known to take the law into his hands. His brutal assault upon Evans, in Stockton, without the least provocation, is fresh in the minds of many. He accompanied Dr. Ashe on his nocturnal bullying excursion in Stockton, for which offence he (Ashe) was indicted by the Grand Jury, and through a frivolous flaw in the indictment got clear. This same Law and Order man, Chief Justice Terry, inflicted a dangerous wound with a bowie-knife on an unarmed witness, in the District Court, in the presence of Judge Creanor. For this murderous assault he was compelled to pay—*one dollar!* On another occasion he committed an assault upon J. H. Purdy, editor of the *Pacific Statesman*, for which he was fined $300. These are some of the *eccentricities* of which this pillar of Law and Order has been guilty previous to his last crowning attempt at stabbing in the streets of San Francisco on Saturday last. This, reader, is the individual who has been elevated by ballot-box stuffers and rowdies to a seat on the Supreme Bench of California, from which he has now graduated to a felon's cell in the Vigilance Committee rooms of San Francisco!"

"LE GENERAL COUNT DE BOSTON."—As an offset to the case of Prof. Mahan, the Albany Evening Journal tells the following, which happened twenty-five years ago, at the Court of Louis Philippe:—

"A worthy citizen of Boston was desirous of being presented at a Royal Ball, but lacked the costume. Military uniform of a court dress were then, as now, indispensable; and it was too late to get either. His more fortunate friends, 'in full rig,' took leave of him at his lodging, with many expressions of regret, that he could not accompany them. No sooner were they out of the house than he determined he would, at any rate, try the experiment. Within an hour he made his appearance at the door of the Throne Room at Versailles, arrayed in all the glory of his best blue coat, white vest, and nankeen trowsers. Here the horrified Master of Ceremonies stopped him, and pointing to his nankeens, endeavored by word and sign to convince him that his dress was not *comme il faut*, and that he must retire. 'Dress—dress,' said the traveller, 'not pase—not enter! Why it is the same dress I always wear in the General Court at Boston.' No sooner were the words uttered than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet, 'booing and booing,' preceded him, and announced in a loud voice, 'Monsieur le General Court de Boston,' to the infinite amazement and amusement of his American friends, and the great delight of the new made General."

LIFE PRESERVERS AND PINCUSHIONS.—The papers are quoting with surprise the statement that a large number of the life preservers on board the Northern Indiana, were rendered useless from having been perforated by pins. This is a fact, and the same has been true in the case of every steamer lost on the lakes, since the burning of the Erie. Captain Titus informs us that those of the Griffith were nearly all so ruined by the ignorance and carelessness of the lady passengers on board, and we have frequently heard from steamboat people that nothing is more common than to find that the inflated life-preservers in the state-rooms have been used as pincushions. One trip of the steamer carrying them is generally sufficient to complete the destruction of the greater portion of all on board, as one pin-hole in each will render it unserviceable.—*Buffalo Express.*

MORMON HUSBANDS.—One of the Mormon women who was in the company of the late crowd which has passed through our town for Salt Lake, we learn had no less than four husbands. She is said to have been an intelligent looking individual. She contended that women have as good a right to have a number of husbands as a man had to have as many wives as he wished, provided the men were all members of the Mormon Church. There is nothing like making circumstances suit occasions, and these Mormons appear to have a peculiar faculty for such transactions.—*Rock Islander.*

THE SEWING MACHINES.—The following remarks on this invaluable invention, with special reference to the superiority of the machine manufactured by Messrs. Grover & Baker No 161 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are from the pen of a highly respectable lady of New York, whose practical testimony well deserves the regard and confidence of all who have occasion to have recourse to so important a mechanical assistant:—

We have most of us read of the "greatest plagues to life;" does any one know the greatest "comfort in life," especially at the present busy season, when, in spite of the heat, there is still so much sewing to be done, preparatory to visiting the country? I will tell them what I have found it to be—a sewing machine. A little of my experience may perhaps not be without its advantage to some of my "fellow-laborers."—Ever since I first witnessed the exhibition of one of these machines in the Crystal Palace, my mind has been set out on the possession of one; and with that peculiar quality which when masculine is called decision, but when feminine obstinacy, the difficulties which presented themselves were only so many new heads on the Hydra I had resolved to conquer. Seeing how much could be done by this little wonder, I persuaded a friend to lend me her aid, and we agreed that could we obtain the machine, we would each use it for six months. Of course the first objection was the expense. Hard times are over the plea for refusing a woman's request. This was soon disposed of by proving that a very short bill for sewing far exceeded the sum required. Then came the equally common one, "It will not succeed, something better will be invented, and then the money will be thrown away." Very respectfully we submitted, that any improvement in machinery by which man's labor was to be diminished, was adopted although experience had led us to believe that the inventive powers of the Americans were not wholly exhausted. Others were started, and alike put aside, until the only point left was to decide whose machine we should order. Many were the opinions given, and I am almost sure that our husbands thought we should be so bewildered in our choice that we should "give it up." But they found themselves mistaken. As our reputation for sagacity was at stake, we decided on devoting a day to the careful examination of all the kinds, and the result was that we ordered a pretty little box machine from Grover & Baker. Unfortunately, so many were beforehand with us that we had to wait three weeks; but when it did come home we felt more than repaid. I ought to state the reasons which weighed with us in our selection. First, it is not up so completely that our children cannot pursue their inquiries into its mysteries; it is so portable that we can carry it from room to room, or take it with us to the country; there is less light machinery about it, than in any of the others, and it can be worked by the hand or foot. It is also cheap; ours costing only $75, although a table with iron legs and a box to keep the treadle fixed has since been made for them, which I should think well worth the additional $5 they charge for it. I really believe that it has got each piece of work I have accomplished during my half of the three months we have had it at the low price of 25 cents. I should almost pay for the machine by the end of the summer. It works *perfectly well! Jackets, dresses*, aprons, and all the other articles required in a family, are made by it with ease and despatch. I frequently work off a spool of cotton without breaking, and have not broken a needle for three weeks. I am not machinist enough to allude to the *peculiar* advantages in the mechanism of this particular kind, though I firmly believe in them both because I have experienced no trouble at all, and because some of my friends, who took opposing counsel in their selection, are complaining that they meet with constant difficulties; but I cannot help regarding the sewing machine as one of the greatest inventions of the age, destined to become one of our household gods, and to cheave the melancholy tone to which "Work, work, work," has been so long sung, into a cheerful strain through many thousand houses.

J. M. C.

Ninth Street, New York. —*New York Churchman.*

SHOCKING DELUSION.—The Mormon, Spiritual and Wakemanite delusions of the present day are shocking enough and sufficiently incomprehensible, but we have heard of a recent case in our own city that is still more lamentable. An individual thought he could capitivate a lady in a shabby suit; he discovered his mistake in time, and redeemed his reputation by getting new and elegant garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE

Another Perfect Cure of Epilepsy by Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills

DURANT'S NECK, PERQUIMAN'S Co., N. C., Oct. 1st, 1855.

Dr. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first rate article; and since I have used them, I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health.

I am, very respectfully,

Yours, &c., J. J. JACOBS.

P. S. The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

These Pills, besides curing Epilepsy, are a specific for all modifications of nervous disease. Price $3 per box; two $5; twelve $24. Persons enclosing a remittance will have the Pills sent them through the mail, on its receipt. For sale by ISAIH S. HANCE, No. 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

A MONSTER ESTABLISHMENT.—The greatest clothing establishment in the world, second only to that of M. Godillot, in Paris, who employs sixty sewing machines, kept in motion by a nine horse steam engine, and a thousand women and girls besides, is unquestionably that of Granville Stokes, No. 258 Chestnut street, where thousands of the most beautiful garments made in the world are constantly being turned out to adorn the persons of enraptured customers.

FOUND AT LAST.—A positive and immediate cure for the worst cases of Catarrh, sore and inflamed eyes, pains in the head, singing in the ears and deafness. For all these complaints, Dorrel's Catarrh snuff is infallible.

NO ALCOHOL.—The Oxygenated Bitters claim the favorable attention of those whose principles forbid the use of alcoholic stimulants. This well known remedy for Dyspepsia and General Debility, is really worth a fair trial.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 60 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jel-tf

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EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a member of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 8th, 1856.

DR. B. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I had the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single Fit*; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARD.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen, Geo. S. Sanders, James M. Jones, G. B. Brown, G. W. Forrest, Thomas Woods,

J. R. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Palermo, Oswego county, N. Y., June 18th, by Elder E. Robbins, WILFORD SWITLAND, to LAURA A. WATERS, all of Palermo.

By the same, July 6th, in Mexico, MORRIS ORMSBY, to MARGETT WHITMAN, both of Mexico.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE W. LENNOX, to Miss SARAH MILLER.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES GAY, Jr. to Miss ANNIE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the same, Mr. SAMUEL BOWERS, to Miss ARNELLA HOOD, both of this city.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. SAMUEL PITCHE, to Miss MARGARET JOHNS, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. James J. Shipp, Mr. THOMAS H. HUNT, formerly of England, now of Philadelphia, to Mrs. ANNIE ALLEN, of Bridesburg, Pa.

On the 27th of August, 1855, by the Rev. Mr. Colclasser, JOSEPH WAY, to Miss MARIA E. K. ALLEN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th of December, 1855, by the Rev. Dr Berg, Mr. FRANK SLOAN, of Baltimore, to Miss SALLIE J. MILES, daughter of the late Robert Miles, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN CHAMBERS, to Miss SALLIE FORD, daughter of Robert Ford, all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. JOHN B. PATTERSON, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss MARY F. BOWEN, of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. McCullgen, Mr. MATTHEW ELLIOTT, Jr. to Miss SARAH A. WARD, both of this city.

In New York, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. T. B. Wiley, Mr. EDW F. GAY, Esq. to Miss ANGELINA BISHOP, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, MELVILLE ANDERSON, to SALLIE MURPHY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th of January last, by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, DANIEL HENDRIE, to MAGNIA A. SMITH, formerly of England.

On the 24th of Feb. last, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Capt. ELMER B. JOHNSON, to Miss SARAH M. WARNER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 28th of June, by the Rev. J. B. Smith, Mr. HENRY PALMER, of Delaware county, Pa. to Miss MARY J. SHINN, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Baker, J. G. BENDLER, to Miss SALLIE KEMPER, both of this city.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke Louden, Mr. ROBERT GREER, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss SARAH SPENCE, of Media, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Lewis, in Holmesburg, Mr. WILLIAM H. GREEN, to Miss ANNA C. BUTLER, both of Holmesburg, Philada.

In Germantown, on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Schaeffer, Mr. AARON K. NACE, to Miss ELIZABETH PAUL, all of Springfield, Montgomery county.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. LEONARD PETERSON, to Miss CAROLINE RAVENSON, both of Philadelphia.

In Manayunk, on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. R. M. Greenbank, EDWARD W. VODGES, M. D of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY ALVINA, daughter of Israel V. James, Esq. of Manayunk.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. JANE, wife of the late Wm. Young, aged 50 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. CORNELIA S. SIMON, aged 58 years.

On the 8th instant, JEREMIAH PAUL, son of Peter and Walburga Schenck, aged 14 years.

On the 5th instant, SAMUEL NEWLEY, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, MARY, daughter of David and Ann Dougherty, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Robt. and Margaret Crawford, aged 6 years and 6 months.

On the 8th instant HANNAH LOND, aged 65 years.

On the 8th instant, CATHARINE, daughter of Samuel and Emma Nolen, aged 17 months.

On the 6th instant, MARGERY MCLAUGHLIN, aged 77 years.

On the 6th instant, JOHN LYNCH, aged 42 years.

On the 8th instant, KATE M. daughter of J. Kenton and Mary K Knox, aged 8 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. REBECCA VANTINE, aged 53 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARGARET J. wife of Mr. Martin Williams, aged 35 years.

On the 4th instant LYDIA SPANNAGH, aged 18 years.

On the 4th instant, THEODORE, son of Christian and Eleanor Gavard, aged 14 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. BARAB, widow of the late George Flick, aged 73 years.

On the 30th ultimo, at Oak Hill, near Chillicothe, Mrs. ELIZABETH EWERT, of Philada aged 73 years.

In Richmond, Va. on the 2d instant, JOHN GILTIRAN, of Philadelphia, aged 23 years.

On the 3d instant, MARIA, wife of John Hicks.

On the 5th instant, GEORGE, son of Henry and Mary E. Wetter, aged 1 year.

At Cape May, on the 3d instant, JOSEPH BROOK, son of Samuel and Mary M. Adams, aged 18 years.

On the 5th instant, SARAH EMMA, daughter of Benj. and Jane Cooper, aged 5 years.

In Burlington, N. J. on the 4th instant, EDWARD C. DENSE, aged 21 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Terence and Mary McCullough, aged 3 years.

On the 2d instant, MARY THEARSON, aged 21 years.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM LEWIS, son of John W. and Mary A. Lister, aged 6 years.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH B. LENNOX, aged 28 years.

On the 1st instant, RUTH DERWOODY, aged 86 years.

On the 3d instant, HELEN, daughter of Cornelius and Margaret Faker, aged 17 months.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH B. daughter of N. G. and Mary E Myers

On the 2d instant, MARY MERCER, aged 42 years.

On the 2d instant, ANDREW, son of Joseph and Nancy Flemming, aged 15 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr ANTHONY G. QUERVELLE, aged 67.

On the 2d instant, MARGARET HUNA, daughter of John W. and Hester Forey, aged 7 years and 7 months.

On the 24 instant, MARTHA BICKET, daughter of Chas. L. and Rebecca Clark, aged 4 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. HIRAM ASHCROFT, aged 56 years.

On the 3d instant, MARY JANE, daughter of Wm. and Nancy J Smith, aged 16 months.

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PERSONS sending me their address, I will mail, postpaid, a full descriptive catalogue of my books, and with instructions to operate that will enable them to make from $5 to $100 per month. The list comprises over 100 New and Popular Books, among which will be found some of the best selling subscription Books in America.

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SOMETHING NEW.—For $1 I send printed instructions, by which any boy of 14 can make COIN BROOMS by my new discovery. The necessary apparatus can be made by any blacksmith for less than 50 cents. *I positively guarantee this no humbug.* Every farmer address, immediately, P. H FISHER Salina Grove, Snyder Co., Pa

WANTED—AGENTS to sell Steel Plate Engravings, including the beautifully illustrated Engraving of the "Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments." An active person with a small capital can make $50 to $75 per month. For particulars, address D. H. MULFORD, aug16-4t No. 167 Broadway, New York.

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $5 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address aug16-3m A. S. MARTIN, Pittsburg, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL SAFETY SAVING FUND—WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, now has more than ONE MILLION of dollars safely invested for the benefit of Depositors. Interest Five Per Cent. The office is open every day, and the money is always paid back in GOLD. aug9-3m

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This is an entirely new Mill. The cylinders are of iron, and almost twice the length of the former ones. The screw is two inches in diameter, with a heavy half-inch thread. The beam of the press is cast iron, very heavy. The power is also much increased.

The Machine, well worked, is capable of making six to twelve barrels of cider a day, with ease. It is made to run by horse, steam or hand-power, and when the apples are ground, a small boy of fourteen years of age can press the pomace with all ease. The following may be adduced as the decided advantage of this Mill.

First.—It will make more Cider than any other press, with a given quantity of apples in a given time, and with much less labor and expense.

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Third.—You can make the Cider as you want it, and when you want it; and in quantities from one gallon to barrels.

Fourth.—With it you can press your Currants, Cherries, Berries, Cheese, Butter, Lard and Tallow.

Fifth.—With its use you can at all times have fresh and sweet Cider.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

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THE FEMALE'S MILLENIUM.—THE SEWING MACHINE is one of the facts of this age, destined soon to become one of our household gods, and the commencement of the female's millenium cannot be far distant. Long ages of toil and suffering seem to have nearly satisfied the "curse," and the fairer portion of creation will soon enter upon their reward.

Whatever opinion may exist respecting other machines, with regard to the Grover & Baker Machines there is no room for conjecture. The best evidence of superiority is the unequalled patronage enjoyed by these machines. Thousands of them daily echo the record of their own success, in seams of unequalled beauty and strength, in workshops and sitting-rooms, throughout almost every civilized country on the globe. The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company manufacture about twenty different styles of machines, making both the Grover & Baker and the Shuttle Stitch, and adapted to all varieties of work in cloth and leather, the prices of which vary from $75 to $125.

Their new Family Sewing Machine is believed to be unrivalled for this purpose. The Grover & Baker Machines are constantly on exhibition at the offices of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, where all are invited to call and examine for themselves. Office 161 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. aug14-3m

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"BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE."—The Original and only true Dye—

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HOW TO MEET A DUELLIST.

We have always regarded the practice of dueling as a relic of the barbarous ages—a custom which is sanctioned neither by the laws of religion or of reason, and which should be condemned by every moral, sober judging man. Of course the duel is no criterion; oftentimes it happens that the professed duellist, when called upon to meet death or danger in an unwonted shape, is the first to turn his back and flee.

A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name we shall call Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in one of our western cities, he had the misfortune to unintentionally offend the susceptible honor of a tall Indiana colonel who was one of his fellow boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent him, which, however, he declined, upon the ground of conscientious scruples. The colonel, who, by the way, had won in two or three encounters, quite a reputation as a duellist, at once conceived the idea that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him by flogging him in the face of all the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day, at dinner time, in marched the duellist, armed with a formidable cowhide, and advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily he had been a lieutenant of militia in his native State, and knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing the gravy tureen, he tossed the contents into the face of this belligerent colonel, and before that hero could recover from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him with a liberal hand, the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal—"

"Coward," the colonel was about to say, but at that moment a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the word was blocked and lost forever!

"Ha!" cried the little New Englander, whose blood was now up, "fond of greens, are you? Take a potato, too;" and he hurled a telling volley of hard potatoes at him; "excellent eggs here; capital things with calves' heads;" and crash came a plate of soft boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.

The blows of the cowhide which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and wildly, and it became evident that the assailant half stunned, choked and partially blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was rapidly oozing out.

"Take a turkey," shouted Brown, as a noble old gobbler descended fairly upon the colonel's head, and bursting filled his hair and eyes with delicious looking stuffing; "and here's the fixings," he continued as the squash and jelly followed after.

By this time the colonel was irretrievably defeated, and as his merciless opponent seized a huge plum pudding steaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down his cowhide turned about and made a rush for the door.

"Stop for the pudding, colonel; stop for the pudding," shouted Brown. "Pudding, colonel, pudding," screamed all his fellow boarders amid convulsions of laughter. But the colonel was too terrified to listen to their kind invitations, and did not cease running until he had locked himself into his room.

But although the colonel escaped from the plum pudding, he could not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons against whom his ire was particularly excited, and they all consented to fight, but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed *pudding bags* for their weapons. At length the unhappy duellist finding no one who was willing to shoot or be shot at, was obliged to quit the State. —*Boston Portfolio.*

THAT'S SO!

The world gets wiser every day, That's so, that's so;
A woman's bound to have her way, That's so, too;
To contradict will raise a spree, That's so, that's so;
But man with her should still agree, And that's so, too.

She carries hoops beneath her shirts, That's so, that's so;
They show her off where'er she flirts, That's so, too;
She wears her bonnets very small, That's so, that's so;
And flounces if she's very tall, And that's so, too.

ABOUT GIRLS' NAMES.—If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann; for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and others, that "an is an indefinite article."

If you would like to have a wife who is "one of a thousand," you should marry an Emily or an Emma, for any printer can tell you that "ems" are always counted by thousands.

If you do not wish to have a bustling, fly-about wife, you should not marry one named Jenny; for every cotton spinner knows that *jennies* are always on the go.

If you marry one named Margaret, you may fear for the manner that she will end her days; for all the world knows that "Pegs" were made for hanging.

The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to Ad-a-line.

You may adore *your wife*, but you will be surpassed in love when your wife is a Dora.

Unless you would have the Evil One for a father-in-law, you should not marry a lady named Elizabeth, for we all know who is the father of Lies—(lies.)

If you wish to succeed in life as a porter, you should marry a Caroline, and treat her very kindly; for so long as you continue to do this, you will be good to Carry.

Many men of high moral principles, and who would not gamble for the world, still have not refused to take a bet.

ADVANTAGE OF HIGH-PRICED GOODS.—All are familiar with the story of the man who made a thousand dollars *before* breakfast one morning by marking up goods. We heard a story that is somewhat similar, and never has been in print. A store was broken open one night, but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor next morning was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high that they couldn't afford to take them."

THE MINISTER'S CALL.—An amusing incident occurred a few days since. A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be made no more a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps, and gently drew the bell handle, when the lady shouted from the entry—

"I see you, boy; if I catch you, I'll wring your neck!"

The affrighted gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not been seen since.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—"Sammy, dear, hold up your head, and tell the gentleman how much twice nine makes." "Ten!" "Oh, do! guess again." "Eleven!" "No." "Twelve." "No." "Thirteen!" "No." "Fourteen!" "No." "Fifteen!" "No." "Sixteen!" "No." "Seventeen!" "No." "Eighteen!" "Right! mother's own darling! That boy, I'm thinking, will make a figure in the world!"

THE BACHELOR.

A bachelor sat at his blazing grate
And he fell into a snooze,
And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate,
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

A rosy boy came to his side,
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice,
No shrouud aloud—"Papa,
I don't love anybody else
But you and dear mamma."

Oh! the bachelor's heart it ran with joy,
It long by love unlit,
And from its unseen depths poured out
All—ellin infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged—*his old horse calf*,
Which, as 'twas wont, when master snoozed,
Had leaped into his lap.

BOOTS AND SASSENGERS.—"Nancy, my dear, did Joba black them boots?"

"How should I know? I hain't got nothing to do with your boots. This is washing day."

"But, my love, you needn't speak so cross."

"Speak cross! I didn't speak cross."

"Oh, yes you did."

"I didn't."

"I say you did."

"I say I didn't."

"By gracious! I won't stand this! it's too bad to be treated in this way. I'll leave you, madam. I will have a separation."

"Was ever a woman so abused! Here I've been washing and scrubbing all day long as hard as I could, and then you come home and act so to me—jest 'cause I don't know nothin' 'bout your boots!—Oh, it's too bad, it is—boo hoo! boo hoo!"

"Hem! Well, Nancy, I didn't mean to make you cry. Never mind—I reckon John has blacked my boots. Is them 'ere sassengers to be fried for supper?"

"Y-e-s, my dear; I got 'em for you particularly."

Ahem!

MOURNFUL OCCURRENCE.—A mournful occurrence, illustrative of the folly of fashion, occurred in one of our sister cities a few days since. As a lady, clad in the extreme of the latest Parisian style was promenading a public street, she had occasion to pause a moment beside a broken gas pipe, which some workmen were engaged in repairing, and before she was fully aware of the mischief that was transpiring, the skirts of her dress were inflated, and she was lifted from her feet, and tossed like a meteor, heavenward! In five minutes she was beyond the reach of telescopic vision!

TOM MOORE'S POLITICS.—The subjoined lively epigram was published in Dublin at the time that the representation of Limerick was offered to Moore:—

When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
"The boys," for form's sake asked of him
To state what party he supported;
When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory,)
(I'm of no party as a man,)
But as the poet, am a-tory.

Useful Receipts.

CERTAIN CURE FOR A GENUINE BONE FELON.—As soon as it becomes apparent that a felon is making its appearance, which is known by a continued soreness and pain proceeding from the bone, and sometimes evincing but little change for the worse for a week or more, take a strong cord of any kind, and wrap it around the finger, above the afflicted part, as tightly as it can be borne. Keep in this condition until the pain can be endured no longer. Now loose the cord, and as soon as the pain or soreness caused by the cording subsides, tighten it again. Continue this for several days, or until the felon is completely blackened and killed. We have known several persons, who had been afflicted with felons, to try this remedy with complete success; in fact, we have never known it to fail. The cording stops the circulation, and thus the sore has nothing to feed on, and soon dies of starvation.

WINES.—To increase the age of wine: The sparkling wines are in their prime in from eighteen to thirty months after the vintage, depending on the cellaring and climate. Weak wines, of inferior growths, should be drunk within twelve or fifteen months, and be preserved in a very cool cellar. Sound, well-fermented, full-bodied wines are improved by age, within reasonable limits, provided they be well preserved from the air, and stored in a cool place, having a pretty uniform temperature. To promote the ripening of wine, some persons cover the mouths of the casks or bottles with bladders, and others remove them into a warmer situation. A very little diluted sulphuric acid is commonly added to the coarser wines for the same purpose; but a small quantity of pure acetic or tartaric acid would be preferable. Two or three drops of the former, added to a bottle of some kinds of new wine, immediately give it the appearance of being two or three years old.

TO CLEAN STEEL PENS.—I have tried the following, and am satisfied with the result. When the pen has been written with, and appears spoiled, place it over a light (a gas-light, for instance) for a short time—say a quarter of a minute; then dip it in water, and it will again be in a good condition to write with. Also, any new pen which is too hard to write with, will become softer with being heated in the same way.

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy; four ounces of soft-soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush. Here is another receipt:—Take three sticks of the best black sealing-wax dissolved in half a pint of spirits of wine; to be kept in a glass bottle, and well shaken previous to use. Applied with a soft sponge. Another receipt for black varnish, is the following:—Best sealing-wax, half an ounce; rectified spirits of wine, two ounces; powder the sealing-wax, and put it in with the spirits of wine, into a four ounce phial; digest them in a sand heat or near the fire, till dissolved. Lay it on warm with a fine hair brush. Spirits of turpentine may be used instead of spirits of wine.

RATS.—Those whose houses are infested by that troublesome domestic animal, the rat, should heat plaster of Paris in an iron vessel until it is done boiling, then mix it half and half with Indian meal. It is said the rats will eat of this compound freely, and that it sets in their little stomachs and kills them without the danger of poison.

CURRANT WINE.—In making currant wine, a writer in the Working Farmer insists on the use of double-refined loaf sugar. Single-refined, he says, contains a proportion of gum, which makes the wine foul. In fact, the quality of the wine is said to be greatly affected by the kind of sugar used.

HOW OSTRICH EGGS ARE COOKED.—A late traveller says:—"Apropos of ostriches, we cannot help giving a recipe for an ostrich egg omelet: a hole is made at one end of the egg, through which is introduced some salt and pepper. The egg is then well shaken, so as to thoroughly mix the white, the yolk, and the several ingredients mentioned. It is then placed in hot ashes, where it is baked to perfection. An egg thus prepared, although supposed to contain as much as *twenty-four* of the common fowl egg, is not considered too much for a single hungry individual."

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

MASTER OF THE HOUSE.—"Oh, Fred, my boy, when dinner is announced, give Miss Futbelow your arm, will you?"

FRED.—"Well, I'll *offer* her my arm, but I'll be whipped if I see how she's to get hold of it."

Agricultural.

DIARY OF A DAIRY FARM FOR JULY.

FROM THE LONDON "GARDENER'S CHRONICLE."

It may be well to offer a few hints at this season when the weather becomes warm, upon the care and watchfulness requisite to be observed in all dairy operations. The attention necessary to be paid to the management of the cows, milking, &c., which was recommended last month, should by no means be neglected now; the mischief occasioned by the milk being allowed to become heated before being brought to the dairy will be manifest in the quality of the cheese, and when a dairywoman suspects that care has not been exercised to prevent this, she will allow the milk to remain in the cheese tub before putting the rennet to it for twenty minutes to quiet any irritation in it that may have been caused by improper management, or by the cows running with the fly. There is a very injurious practice adopted on some farms, when the cows are milked in the fields, of using a dog to bring them to a certain spot for the convenience of the milkers, and to save them the trouble of walking round them; whereas if cows are treated quietly and accustomed to be called, they will generally obey the summons and be more disposed to stand until the process of milking is performed than if they had been previously hunted by a dog. It has been observed also that the cows are often driven away from the milkers by the dog before they are finished, and sometimes when this occurs two or three times, and the persons so employed do not feel the interest which they ought to do, they will allow the cow to walk off with a portion of milk which ought to have been left. This is not only a present loss but future mischief occurs; it does seem most desirable that no dog be admitted into a field where cows are to be milked on any account whatever. The use of saltpetre, which has before been recommended in cheese making, should by no means be omitted now, it will have great effect in keeping the curd sweet, which is of importance. In cases where it is allowed to become sour the fat separates from it, and passes into the whey, where it may be seen swimming in large particles, very different to the appearance of the cream which rises upon it when the cheese is sweet; the difference is easily discovered by an experienced eye, and care should be taken to prevent the cheese becoming impoverished by neglect in this branch of management. When in the loft the sour cheeses are easily discovered, they become hard, and nothing will cause any blue coat to rise upon them; therefore every sour cheese is discarded by the factor as inferior in quality.

It is requisite also to pay great attention to the management of the cream during the warm weather, the quality of the butter so materially depending upon the care thus exercised. When taken off the milk should be put in the coolest place that can be provided for the purpose; when the convenience of an under-ground cellar offers itself it is better for the cream than the dairy, where much heat is caused by the process of cheesemaking. Attention should be paid to frequent stirring, and changing the utensils containing the milk. The churn should be prepared by having a quantity of cold water allowed to stand in it some hours before the cream is put into it, and the operation of churning should now be performed very slowly, and either early in the morning or in the cool of the evening; if the latter, the butter should be worked and salted, and allowed to remain until the morning before being made up, when it will be sufficiently firm and in a proper state for making into any form desired. It is a very good plan to put a little saltpetre into each cream tin, about the size of a walnut, pounded; it will keep it cool and prevent fermentation.

The cows may this month get the advantage of a change to the aftermath in the newly cleared hay field; and even should this grass be short, it is young and fresh and tends much to milk, so that the yield of the dairy cows may be kept up to its former quantity some weeks longer by allowing the cows frequent change in these pastures. If the weather has been such as to allow of a rapid growth of this young grass, so that the cows readily satisfy themselves, and they will feed eagerly, great care should be taken so that they can only have access to it a few hours daily at first, as they are very liable to suffer from hoven, which is often dangerous or even fatal in its consequences. Old pastures supply much the most wholesome food for the weaning calves, and high, dry situations should be chosen for them. Old seeds is perhaps the most healthy food for them, and calves so fed have proved much less affected by the diseases most common, and from which most dairy farmers suffer greatly from losses by death in their stock of weaning calves, viz., the hask, which begins to show its symptoms at this season; a frequent cough, with loss of flesh and refusing food, are the two sure signs of the disease. Many remedies are resorted to, but none can be relied on as at all sure to effect a cure when the lungs have taken the disease. Every means of prevention should be carefully tried, and keeping the calves on dry old pastures has proved conducive to their health. The other disease among young stock which admits of no certain cure is the quarter ill, or evil; this generally seizes on those in the best and most thriving condition, and if calves are fed on very rich pastures, this disease is often fatal to numbers of calves of the first or second year. If convenient they should be brought into yards at night, and fed on cut clover or Italian rye-grass, as keeping them from food while heavy dews are on the pastures has proved good for keeping them in good healthy condition. Care should be taken, as the weaning calves get their longer and thicker coats, to see they do not suffer from being infested with flea, which are chiefly found about the head, neck, and shoulders, and hinder the animals from doing well. A dry day should be chosen, when the calves should be well washed with butter-milk mixed with oil or grease; this simple remedy is quite effectual to destroy the lice and restore the coat and skin to a healthy condition, and avoids all risk from the use of poisonous applications, which many causes, the variable state of the atmosphere, &c., render highly injudicious for use, and from which the writer has witnessed most dangerous results.

A recipe is added here for making cream cheese, which has been found successful:—

Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add 3 pint of new milk; warm it in hot water until it is about the heat of milk from the cow. Add a tablespoonful of rennet, let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in a frame 8 inches square and 4 inches deep, in which previously put a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly with a weight, let it stand 12 hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame—a little powdered salt should be put over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

A VIRGINIA FARM.

Mr. Isaac Newton, of Springfield, Delaware Co., brought to the Agricultural Room of the Philadelphia Society, on Wednesday last, samples of Wheat and Oats produced on his farm in Virginia. These samples being very fine, and knowing that Mr. N. cultivated a large tract of land in Virginia, on the Potomac river—having occasion heretofore to refer to it—we preferred some inquiries as to the character of his farm, and the results of his operations there.

He informed us that his farm comprised over three thousand acres, of which 1,800 were under cultivation, and 600 more he had just reclaimed from the marsh, which would be put down in timothy this year. The remainder was timber land, from which 600 cords of fire wood were cut and sold during last winter. The soil is alluvial, cark clay mould, on which lime produces an astonishing effect.

The amount of land cropped this season is as follows: 260 acres in corn, 150 acres in wheat, 120 acres in oats, 8 in potatoes, 3 in sweet potatoes, 6 in pumpkins, 4 in beans, and 4 in watermelons.—The yield will be over 5,000 bushels of oats, and over 3,000 bushels of wheat. The corn, potatoes, and other crops look very promising. The wheat was threshed out week before last, and is probably sent to market before this meets the eye of the reader.

This immense farm is worked by only ten hands—six white and four colored—and the product is very considerably more than was obtained by the preceding proprietor of the premises, who worked fifty slaves upon it. There is a thorough system introduced throughout, which works to the satisfaction of both parties—the employer and employed.—The disparity in the force required now and before, is not so much in the inability of the men previously upon the place, as the want of system in conducting the various operations—not more, in a general sense, than one-half or one-fourth of the ordinary labor of a man is obtained from the slave that he is capable of performing.

This tract of land lies upon the Potomac river, twenty-seven miles below Washington, in Prince William county. Washington is the principal market, and where, Mr. N. informs us, is at all times found a ready sale for all the products of the farm.

The whole of this immense farm is managed by G. Bolton Newton, a son of Mr. N., *nineteen years of age*, who needs must possess all the *energy*, activity, and straightforwardness of his father to accomplish, in the successful manner he does, this herculean task.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW THEY USE GUANO IN PERU.—A gentleman writing from Arequipa, Peru, gives the following account of the manner in which Peruvians employ guano:

"It is applied to two crops only, maize (Indian corn) and potatoes, carefully by the hand. To maize, when the plant is about two months old, and about three-fourths vara high, one half-handful is applied near each root. A larger quantity is said to be prejudicial, by 'burning the plant.' The guano is then covered with earth, and a small quantity of water (by irrigation) is applied to 'fix the guano.' If the state of the soil does not absolutely require it, no more water is applied until after six or eight days.

"The quantity required for each 'topo,' of 5,000 varas (about 1¼ acres), is four fanegas, or say 300 pounds. For potatoes, the quantity required is the same, and is applied much in the same manner as regards the age of the plant, and a small quantity of water to fix the guano. The stalk of the potato is then about one-fourth vara in height, and the earth heaped up in ridges, the same as in Britain.—A person inserts a spade in toe top of the ridge beside each plant, whilst a woman follows, pouring about half a handful of guano into the hole thus made, and covering it with earth, so that the ridge remains the same as before the application of the guano.

"To wheat the application of guano is not approved, principally, we believe, on account of the rankness it produces in the stalk, thereby delaying the ripening of the grain—a point of great importance in lands where they count on obtaining two crops a year.

A SMOKING STOOL FOR BLACKSMITHS.—A gentleman residing in the State of New York, has invented a shoeing stool for blacksmiths, for shoeing horses, which he says he has found very useful, and gives the following directions for making it, for the benefit of the craft:

"I make a light portable stool of the form of a common crutch with one leg, and put a cushion on the seat. To this is secured a strap, which passes around above the hips, and is buckled tight in front. The seat of the stool is about four inches thick, and is held to its place in the leg by an iron spur. The blacksmith puts it on behind and between his thighs and buckles it in front, and the horse's foot is placed on the seat; it thus supports the weight of the animal's leg, and relieves the back of the shoer from that severe strain which makes horse-shoeing such hard work."

ACE OF PEAR TREES.—A Brussels writer says:—In a light, free soil, with a rich, deep sub-soil, in which water does not stagnate in winter, the trees preserve throughout their individual existence a healthy degree of vigor, and bear abundantly. If the soil is rich in humus, or if it is a mealy clay of some depth, resting upon an equal depth of siliceous gravel, mixed with brick earth, lying upon thicker beds of sand, which absorbs moisture, the growth of the pear tree will there be more compact, less luxuriant; but the tree will bear fruit of a finer flavor, and will generally live longer. We found growing in such soil, in an orchard in West Flanders, a variety of pear, under the name of Poire de Froment (Wheat Pear), doubtless the descendant of a variety known among the Romans as the Pyrus hordeana, the fruit of which ripened about the same time as barley. This majestic tree has two upright parallel stems, is 12 feet in circumference and 45 feet high. In 1854 it produced 15 sacks of pears. The bark is deeply rent in many places, indicating that the tree was of great age. The farmer, himself 83 years old, told me that his grandfather, who died 60 years ago, at the age of 92, had frequently told him that in his early days he had measured it, and that it was then 6 feet in circumference. It is supposed that this tree is about 250 years old. It is still far from being worn out, having produced in in 1854 15 sacks, as above stated, and in 1855 it yielded 6 sacks, and it is again pushing terminal shoots 6 inches long. Of another variety known by the name of Manouette, an excellent kitchen pear (the Manouette of Duhamel is a table pear), there is a tree which is not less than 200 years old, and it is as productive as the one already mentioned. Its branches, loaded with fruit, hang down like those of a weeping willow. These two trees, as well as several other large trees, presented the appearance of having been grafted at 2, 3, or 4 feet high. To keep them in good condition, all the care which they receive merely consists in pruning off every two or three years useless shoots, tending to cause confusion, in spreading well decomposed manure over the ground before winter, and in applying every year at that season two or three casks of liquid night soil, without disturbing the turf over the roots, excepting perhaps for 2 or 3 feet round the trunk.

These two instances, and others that might be given, prove that the pear tree, when its constitution is strong and hardy, can sustain for a long period the severities of our climates, and that it can in a good soil, and with careful treatment, attain the age of 300 years. It is in the conditions of soil already pointed out, and more especially in ground sloping to the west that this result may be obtained. There is no doubt that among the modern varieties which have been obtained in the present century by the system of Van Mons, there are several sorts of excellent dessert pears, ripening in long succession, the trees of which would live as long as the Poire a Froment or the Manouette. This anticipation is founded on the observation of these varieties where they have been cultivated for 3, 10, 15, or 25 years or more.

COLLODION.—A gardener has just discovered that collodion may be made of great utility in producing plants and shrubs from cuttings. On making the cuttings, the varnish is applied to the part cut, which immediately becomes closed, or, so to speak, healed; the cutting is then planted in the ordinary way. Out of twenty-six cuttings of hot-house plants to which the collodion was applied, twenty-three struck root; whereas, out of the same number to which it was not applied, only twelve succeeded. With plants kept in green-houses, and in those in the open air, even more satisfactory results have been obtained; and also in grafting, the article has been most advantageously employed. Collodion is made by dissolving cotton-powder in ether, and it then forms a varnish which sticks fast, dries quickly, is impermeable to water, and impenetrable to air.

THE BEET SUGAR MANUFACTURE IN FRANCE.—Our largest agricultural establishments are employed upon the beet. In the Department of the Pas de Calais, one single farmer, M. Crespel de Lisse, grows 2,500 acres of beet-root every year, feeds 1,000 head of cattle upon the pulp, and in this way produces sufficient manure to grow upwards of 3,000 quarters of corn; there is nothing of the kind in England upon such a large scale. In the Department of the Oise, a company is established at Deseles, with a capital of £30,000, for carrying on a similar concern; last year they grew 1,200 acres of beet, from which they made sugar and alcohol, and with the pulp fed a great many animals, harvested 1,000 quarters of wheat, and, after disbursements and receipts to the amount of several millions of francs, divided 15 per cent. upon the amount of the shares. The State has its share of these enormous productions, as an hectare (2½ acres) of best pays to the revenue for duty upon the home grown sugar nearly a thousand francs (£40); and yet sugar is lower in price than ever. Such are the wonders achieved by modern chemistry. And now for the reverse of the picture: beautiful as is this crop, it has narrow enough limits. At most it occupies one-thousandth part of the soil, and may hardly be extended further. Hitherto it has not succeeded in the southern half of France; it answers only in the rich, fresh (*fraiche*), deeply cultivated lands. It requires enormous capital to begin with, and oftentimes to be renewed, for the establishing of sugar houses and distilleries, and, what is still more serious, the outlet for the produce is not unlimited. It is only owing to the grape disease that beet-root spirit obtains favor; should the disease disappear, this branch of production will stand a chance at least of being seriously interfered with. As regards the sugar, there is no certainty that the price will not still further decline, and it is not to be compared, for importance of consumption, to articles of food. The true object of agriculture—its secure basis—is the production of meat and bread.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

STUPEFYING BEES BY CHLOROFORM.—The necessary dose is a quarter of an ounce, or two teaspoonfuls, poured into a piece of rag doubled twice, and placed on the floorboard of the hive, which must be lifted up for the purpose, the entrance hole being perfectly secured. In about two minutes and a half there will be a loud humming, which lasts about one minute, when all is quiet. Let the hive remain in this state for six or seven minutes longer, making altogether about ten minutes. Remove the hive, and you will find the greater part of the bees lying senseless on the board. There will still be a few clinging between the combs, some of which may be brushed out with a feather. They return to animation in from half an hour to one hour after the operation. The expense is threepence per hive. This plan possesses a great superiority over the usual mode of brimstoning, as the bees are none of them killed; and over the more modern plan of fumigation by fungus or puff ball, inasmuch as it is far less trouble, and the flavor of the honey is not injured, as in the latter case, by the fumes.

A FRANCONIA LADY.—We looked with some awe yet, at the ancient Countess of Huntly, who was a most terrifying character in her time. About the year 1590, during her husband's absence, she received the chief of Mackintosh on an embassy of peace, and angrily declared, that there should be no reconciliation till his neck was on the block. The unwary visitor jocularly laid his head on a table in pretended submission, seeing which one of the attendants of the Countess instantly grasped a carving-knife, and severed it from his shoulders. This unhappy victim was nephew to the Earl of Moray. His followers she afterwards imprisoned, and fed them like swine out of a trough; but for these cruelties, and many more, her title was forfeited, though subsequently restored.

The Riddler.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 22, 32, 44, 16, 5, 12, was one of the Assyrian Generals sent by Sennacherib with a message of defiance to King Hezekiah.

My 1, 19, 12, 8, 14, 7, was the name of a celebrated Prophet, of princely, if not royal descent.

My 10, 46, 21, 12, 43, 20, 6, was the first Judge of Israel, who, for his military prowess in subduing Kirjath-sepher, was rewarded with the daughter of Caleb.

My 27, 36, 13, 3, 15, 35, was a Prophet in the time of Asa, King of Judah, who was imprisoned for his faithful rebuke of the King.

My 18, 39, 41, 26, 29, 9, 13, 37, 45, was a Disciple at Corinth, whose household Paul baptized.

My 30, 17, was an Amorithish King, who was defeated by the Israelites under Moses.

My 42, 25, 2, 22, 3, 12, 8, 29, 11, 4, was one of the first converts in Achaia, whom Paul commended.

My 17, 10, 23, 20, was an Edomite, and chief herdsman of Saul, an office of considerable importance.

My 24, 19, 28, 27, was a Moabitish woman, who accompanied her widowed mother-in-law to Palestine.

My 45, 14, 34, 33, 43, 15, 35, 37, 18, 11, 7, 3, 15, was a Roman Pro-Consul at Cyprus, who was converted under the preaching of Paul and Barnabas.

My 4, 41, 29, 32, 43, 38, 21, was the name of David's scribe, an important officer at court.

My 8, 2, 45, 43, 33, 15, was a Roman Tribune, who preserved Paul from a conspiracy of the Jews.

My 38, 11, 36, 31, was the plan on which Nebuchadnezzar cut up his golden image.

My whole was celebrated for her beauty, and notorious for her profligacy. LEYDEN.

Centre Hill, Pa.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 94 letters.

My 57, 18, 30, 76, 83, was a King of Poland.
My 5, 58, 80, 62, was a King of Denmark.
My 25, 53, 3, 65, 38, 74, 78, 72, 45, 48, was a Saracen King.
My 55, 8, 43, 79, 54, 13, 20, 66, 94, was a King of Spain.
My 70, 56, 60, 61, 35, 32, 34, 59 was an Emperor of Germany.
My 23, 50, 26, 90, 67, 21, 71, 1, 24, 3, 76, 39, 13, 87, 77, was an Emperor of Greece.
My 82, 52, 10, 86, 74, 37, 22, 6, 14, 92, was a King of Sweden.
My 4, 40, 91, 27, 2, 63, was a King of Scotland.
My 17, 69, 31, 88, 28, 75, 36, 15, 11, 33, 70, 19, 49, 68, was a King of Italy.
My 37, 42, 93, 67, 81, 92, 46, 47, 95, was a King of Macedonia.
My 97, 15, 81, 26, 97, 44, 16, 60, 98, was a King of Persia.
My 96, 22, 78, 70, 78, 11, 10, 27, 1, was a King of France.
My 46, 39, 28, 84, 37, 20, 7, 31, 51, 66, was a King of France.
My 42, 34, 72, 61, 50, 3, was a Saracen Caliph.
My 9, 57, 40, 64, 83, 85, was a King of Italy.
My whole is an event which occurred during the reign of Numa Pompilius, King of Italy. CENSOR.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 7, 15, 10, 16, 5, 9, 16, is one of the Mexican States.
My 20, 33, 23, 25, 29, 34, is a town in one of the New England States.
My 28, 29, 34, 9, 17, 26, 3, 23, 33, is a flower which audibly betokens the approach of night.
My 6, 2, 33, 32, 11, 31, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 33, 8, 27, 12, 30, 16, 22, 25, is one of the Constellations.
My 31, 26, 28, 21, 2, 27, 18, 18, 23, is the name of a tribe of Indians.
My 1, 4, 27, 35, 13, 29, 7, is a celebrated comedy.
My 10, 11, 25, 27, was a noted Roman.
My 21, 19, 24, 3, 22, was one of the greatest men of his time.
My 26, 16, 34, 6, 29, 14, was a great musical composer.
My 25, 9, 29, 3, is an island on the American coast.
My whole is a relic of antiquity. D. W. H.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In times of yore the British fleet
Have to for hostile actions;
'Twas then my first the Yankees beat
To Yankee satisfaction.
My second is of untold worth
To each of Adam's race,
Although the same is made of earth,
Still it wears a human face.
My third springs from the ground we till,
Well, in truth, so does my whole,
And many stomachs does it fill,
To gladden many a soul. SCREW.

Franklin, Ind.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Erase my first and second, and I become a division in a city.

Erase my first, third and sixth, and I become an instrument for rowing boats.

Erase my fourth, fifth, and sixth, and I become a domestic animal.

Erase my second and third, and I become an instrument with which wool is combed.

Erase my first, second, and sixth, and I become very destructive.

Erase my third, fourth, and fifth, and I become a kind of fish.

My whole is what no person should ever be.

Eddystown, N. Y. QUINCO.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vowel—well and good;
My next is an article of food;
Of a female writer of great fame
My whole you'll find to be the name.

GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TOWNS IN AFRICA.

1. Rise Gal!
2. Is Out.
3. Dim Lane.
4. Im Soul.
5. A War.
6. O Ram.
7. Is Nat.
8. Maniac.
9. How Sam!
10. Don Rag.
11. Vis-Ram.
12. The Ebt.

GAHMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a garden in the form of a semi-circle, whose diameter is one hundred feet. Required the sides of a square flower-bed inscribed in the semi circle? W. P. C.

Centreville.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a rectangular parallelogram is 312 rods; and the difference between the lengths of its sides is equal to the number of acres contained in the area. The sides are required?

Red Brush Hill, Pa. MATHEMATICUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter I in Cicero like Denmark? Ans.—Because it's between two seas (C's.)

☞ What murderous implements do ladies generally wear in their hair? Ans.—Pair o' side combs. (Parricide combs!)

☞ Why is the letter L like a young lady giving away her sweetheart to another? Ans.—Because it makes over a lover.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexander Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Revillagigedo Islands, West of Mexico. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The Kansas and Nebraska Bill. RIDDLE.—Tooth. CHARADE.—God is Love. CHARADE.—Drum head. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—31 27 feet.—ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—3, 4, 5, and 6.

TRUTH.—A cannon-ball, striking the oaken ribs of a man-of-war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon the wave, it swerves aside, and is conquered by their unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury. So the first burst of passion, increased and rendered more dangerous by a stubborn opposition, will generally yield and fall harmless when it is met by softness and submission.